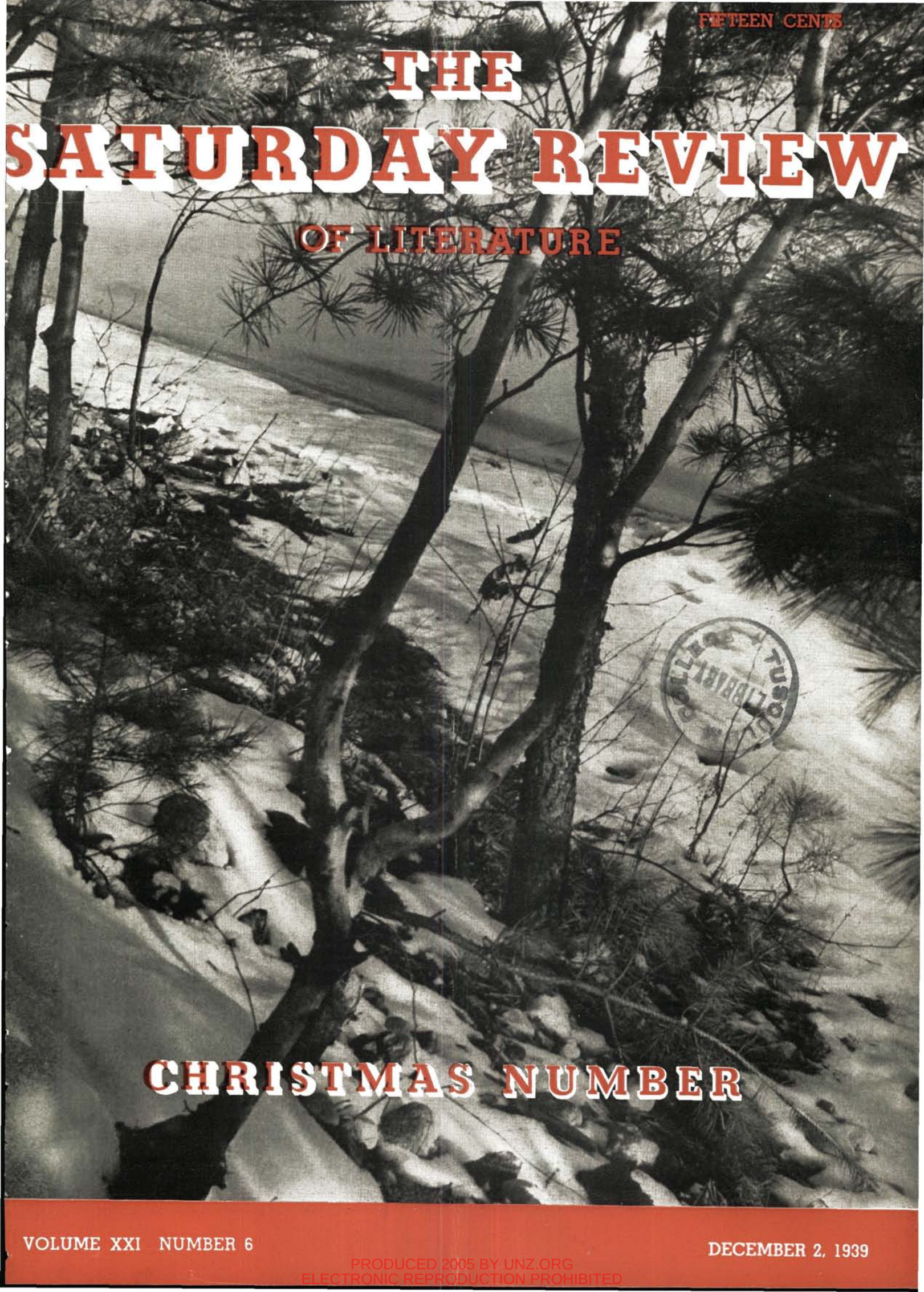

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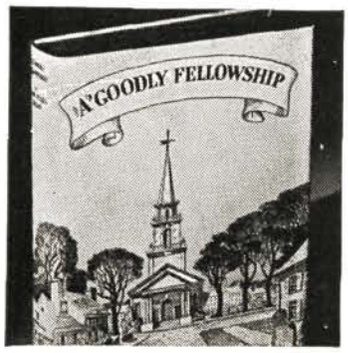

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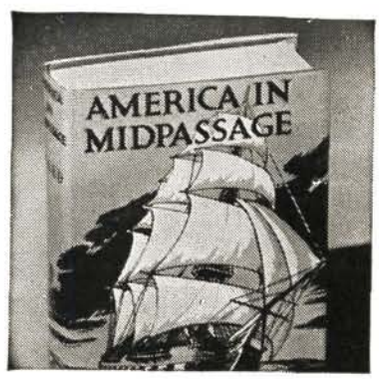

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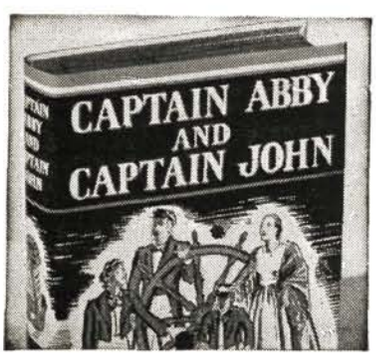

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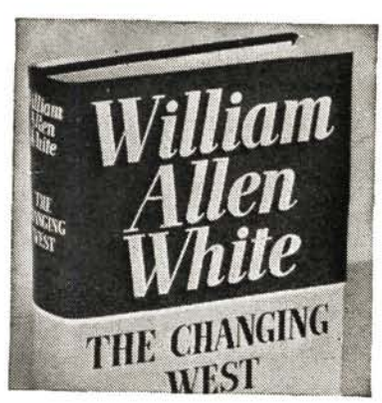

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Abe Lincoln in Washington

BY ALLAN NEVINS

Photo by Brady, from the Barrett collection.

The chief magistrate confers with the commander of the Army of the Potomac, October 1862.

LINCOLN, asked how long a man's legs should be, replied that they should be long enough to reach the ground. If it takes four volumes to delineate Marshall, or Lee, or the war years of Lincoln, then four are none too many. Indeed, the largeness of these men, the eventfulness of their times, the dramatic force of the roles they played, and the permanent significance of their work, not only justifies but demands something cycloramic, with ample background, and full of color, incident, dialogue, and struggle. Lincoln suffers from any book that is excessively brief. Nicolay and Hay gave the due effect of largeness, but their ten volumes had the defects of most "authorized" biographies.

Mr. Sandburg's huge work*—four volumes, 2500 pages, fully one and a quarter million words—at once suggests comparison with Douglas S. Freeman's "Lee," its great counterpart for the Civil War period. Both the Northern and the Southern heroes of the conflict have now received monumental depictions. Yet two books more unlike in salient respects it would be difficult to find. Mr. Freeman carefully restricted his field of view to what directly pertained to Robert E. Lee. Even in treating battles and campaigns, Lee's action alone was fully described; enemy movements were omitted except in so far as an account of them was needed to illuminate Lee's ideas and labors. But in this larger work every point of view is given; the material is caught together with a catholic, comprehensive, and encyclopedic grasp; everything that relates to the period, the government, and the field operations, is mirrored in enormous detail. Mr. Sandburg's canvas stretches from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from Canada to the Gulf, from Cabinet room to newspaper office, from party convention to battleground. In Freeman's "Lee" again, the treatment is carefully analytic, the attention paid to proportion and emphasis is always scrupulous. But Mr. Sandburg's method is the method of Niagara. He has caught the drainage of the whole vast historical watershed of the Civil War as Niagara catches the Great Lakes, and he pours it forth in a thundering flood.

Apart from these differences, however, the comparison is essentially valid. The same amplitude, the same panoramic quality, the same exhaustiveness of research, mark both works. The same grandeur of effect is produced, albeit by very divergent methods. Both are biographies on the titanic scale. Like Beveridge's "Marshall," both demonstrate that a tremendous canvas, copiously filled in, and both crowded and exact, is requisite to the presentation of a great maker of history.

When Sandburg took up his pen the time was ripe for just the work he has accomplished. Forty years ago, when Miss Tarbell wrote, many supposed that the Lincoln theme was approaching exhaustion. Actually the torrent of histories, memoirs, biographies, and special articles was just beginning. Even the great diary of Gideon Welles did not become available until 1911; the letters and diary of John Hay until 1908, with a supplementary volume last year; the diary of Edward Bates until 1930, and that of Lincoln's friend Orville H. Browning until 1927-33. The stream of materials on lesser political figures, on battles and military leaders, on political events, on foreign affairs, was at flood in the years 1900-1935. Such an encyclopedic treatment as this would not have been possible at an earlier date. Mr. Sandburg, with the indefatigability of the scholar no less than the divination of the poet, has made the most of every lode in this mountain-range of fact. He commands five rays of light on the man and his times to every one that a writer of a generation ago would have possessed.

The most distinctive qualities of Mr. Sandburg's work are two. First, its pictorial vividness, a product of his graphic style, love of concrete detail, and ability to recreate scenes imaginatively in a few sentences; second, the cumulative force of his detail in building up, step by step, an unforgettable impression of the crowded times, with crisis jostling crisis, problems rising in endless welter—and, *pari passu*, an impression of Lincoln patiently finding his talents, learning to endure the storm, and finally mastering it with sad serenity. These two qualities of pictorial vividness and cumulative force are complementary. Neither could have its full effect without the other. In Beveridge's two volumes on the early career of Lincoln we had the enormous accumulation of detail without the vividness. The result was instructive—in presenting Lincoln the politician, it was almost revolutionary. But it lacked the engrossing quality that Sandburg's full-blooded, pulsing, variegated narrative possesses. Not that Mr. Sandburg falls into rhetori-

**ABRAHAM LINCOLN: THE WAR YEARS. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1939. 4 vols. Vol. I, 660 pp.; Vol. II, 655 pp.; Vol. III, 673 pp.; Vol. IV, 515 pp. $20 the set. De luxe, autographed edition (525 sets) $50 the set.*

Next Week

FIGURES OF TRANSITION
By GRANVILLE HICKS
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts

SO YOU WANT TO BE A WRITER
By SHERWOOD ANDERSON

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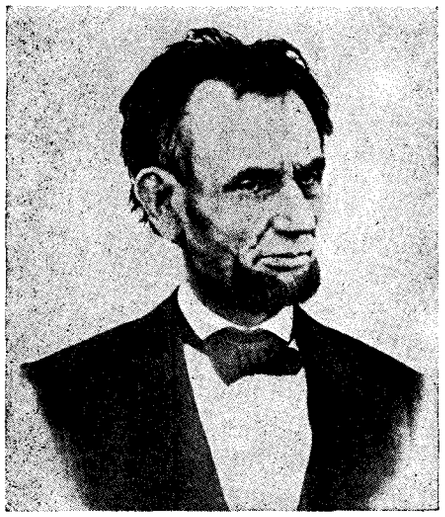

Lincoln two days after his second inauguration.

cal flourishes and effects. He is as intent upon the naked fact as was Beveridge. But he has a graphic, vital fashion of setting his facts on paper, and a cinematographic ease in glancing from point to point, idea to idea, event to event, which Beveridge lacked. And of course Sandburg possesses one great advantage in theme over his predecessor. The Lincoln that Beveridge painted was not as yet great; but the later Lincoln that Sandburg draws is one of the greatest of Americans, one of the few really great men of modern times.

Doubtless from Sandburg's pages many readers will for the first time gain a clear comprehension of this greatness. For it is impossible to realize either Lincoln's intellectual or moral stature without understanding the innumerable difficulties which bethorned and quagmired his path, which harried and perplexed him to the melancholy verge of despair. His great central problem was that he had to captain a peace-loving democracy, its governmental machinery and whole political system totally unadapted to war purposes, in the most stubborn and costly conflict that mankind had known for centuries. Any terrible and prolonged war, if waged with real efficiency, requires a dictatorship or quasi-dictatorship. But neither in Lincoln's soul, nor in the organization of the republic, nor in the temper of the American people, did there exist the prerequisites of a dictatorship; and to carry the Northern aims to victory demanded the most agonizing adjustments in every field. A leader less sagacious, less cautious, less gifted with the power to mould opinion and to forge a united national will that finally became as of tempered steel, would have involved himself and the nation in disaster. For proof of that fact we need only look back to Madison.

What a chaos it was this Illinois lawyer was called to ride! Never has it been made so immediate, real, and overwhelming as by Mr. Sandburg. The army was crippled by favoritism and partisanship, full of political generals and selfishly ambitious tyros, befuddled by confusion. The national capital was full of place-hunting politicians and quarreling cabals. Lincoln had in his own Secretary of the Treasury an endlessly intriguing competitor for the Presidency. He shortly faced in Congress a group of heedless radicals who abused him foully, lost few opportunities to discredit or thwart him, and meddled with damaging pertinacity in the conduct of the war. In half the State capitals governors and legislators were either showing excessive zeal, or using the flexible power of the States to coerce and humiliate him. The Abolitionists at one extreme, the Copperheads at the other, filled the air with reproaches, slanders, hysterical outbursts, and demands that he do everything but what he was doing.

The mid-term elections of 1862 went against him. A party of defeatists arose, and with Greeley at its head demanded a stoppage of the butchery, a truce equivalent to surrender. The Cabinet broke into openly antagonistic factions, Seward glowering at Chase, and Montgomery Blair and Stanton at swords' points. General after general went down in defeat. After Fredericksburg the leaders of the Senate—with the Northern people turning aghast from the casualty lists—demanded that the Cabinet be instantly remade upon a Congress-controlled model. Financial problems, foreign problems, and the Negro problem at times took on a complexity which made each seem absolutely insoluble. A great section of the press was licentious and defamatory, and recked little whether it gave information of military value to the enemy or not. The country went upon a conscription basis with such muddled legislation (against which Lincoln wished to protest sharply but dared not) that a wave of justified rioting swept the North; its initial handling of contracts could not have been worse if prescribed by Jeff Davis; its financial expedients worked with creaking unfairness, so that while greenbacks fell and prices rose, the rich grew richer and the working-man's loaf smaller. There were moments when government of the people, by the people, for the people, must have seemed even to Lincoln a hopeless mess of selfishness, shortsightedness, corruption, and quarrelsome inefficiency.

All this in general terms we have long known. But it takes Mr. Sandburg's Niagara of details, drawn from ten thousand sources, condensed, classified, and set down with vehement intensity, to bring out the bewildering confusion of the time, the soul-chilling uncertainty and fear, and the searing human agonies. In these 2500 pages, a distillation from a whole library, we have perhaps the best picture of a nation in racked travail yet written by any pen. Not that it is a somber picture; it has far too much vitality for that. We gain the impression of a nation not only nerved by determination and often exalted by heroism, but of a people who stopped to gossip, jest, and laugh in the grimmest times. The stage Mr. Sandburg sets before us, with its thousands of faces, its endless incidents, its quick shifts of joy and sorrow, ease and strain, triumph and defeat, has a liveliness for which we must turn to literature if we seek its like; it is the vitality of Walt Whitman's long catalogue-poems, of

(*Continued on page* 20)

"The Proclamation of Emancipation," painted by Carpenter during six months' residence in the White House.

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Painters and Sitters

SOME OLD PORTRAITS. By Booth Tarkington. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 249 *pp.* $5.

Reviewed by R. ELLIS ROBERTS

ONCE in those remote days when, for a time, I watched the young Par-Americans at the Dôme, the Rotonde, and later the Petite Chaise, the days when American fiction had not yet found the Hemingway, and none knew whence or whither *transition* was going, but all hated to miss the bus, I was praising Mr. Booth Tarkington to a young poet who was in, but not of, that elite. Challenged to prove or eat my words, I told her to read "Alice Adams" and "Seventeen": a little chastened, when she had taken my prescription, after preliminary complaints against Mr. Tarkington's lucidity, entertainment value, and hopeless traditionalism, my friend exclaimed, "But, you know, he's wise." It was just, that verdict: and the quality of wisdom in literature is not so common that we can neglect to pay it tribute. There is plenty of cleverness, style, technique, sophistication (superficial), knowledge, and latterly some pity; there's a surplus of sentimentality, tough or tender, but all cut from the same carcase: but there's precious little wisdom in our modern literature. And wisdom, whether in Thoreau or Thurber, Melville or Agnes Repplier, Santayana or Dorothy Parker, in the end weighs most and lasts longest. What is it, wisdom in literature? Roughly, the conscious exercise of that old specific human faculty, looking back and forward, a sense of tradition, and a hold on hope. If you look far enough back you will never see only blackness and despair when you look into the future.

This new book of Mr. Tarkington's should be read not as a whole, but as fifteen separate essays, connected only by the fact that each is written round a painted portrait of an historical character. They are studies in the painters, their art and their lives, in the people painted, and in human nature as it was shown by the men and women portrayed, seen by the men who painted the pictures, and interpreted, sometimes too kindly, by a man of experience and sensitiveness who has studied and loved the pictures, studied and assayed the characters.

The subjects range from Elizabeth's Essex and Charles's Nellie Gwynn to Thomas Moore and George IV; among the painters of whom Mr. Tarkington writes are William Dobson, Godfrey Kneller, Peter Lely, John Riley, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Lawrence, Copley, and Gilbert Stuart. His method has its dangers. He puts into words the sitter's character as it is, he thinks, revealed in the portrait. He is fully aware of the chief danger—that as he knows, from history, the characters of Essex, of James I, of William Blackstone or Moore or George IV, he may see in the painting what he knows rather than what the painter knew or saw in his sitter. In some of his characterizations, I think, he is too confident about the content of the portrait; more rarely he misses what is there. For instance, here is his

"A proud, brave young man" . . .

brief sketch of Essex as seen in a contemporary painting:

> It says that he was a proud, brave young man, handsome, a tremendous swell. It says that his pride was of great and simple proportions, not intricate or contorted like vanity; that his bravery was inordinate; that his belief in his aristocratic supremacy was a conviction unable to be questioned. It says that he was imperious, therefore fretful; and that he was not pliable. Such a man can be kind to his inferiors in worldly position; in superiors he will perceive only official accidents and with them he will consequently be unruly.

It may be my fault that I cannot see all that: but how did Mr. Tarkington miss the sensuality of the lips and the stupidity visible in the eyes?

There is not one of the essays which has not its own peculiar merits. Those on Kneller, as painter of Queen Anne's "Mrs. Freeman," that Duchess of Marlborough who might have rivaled Elizabeth or Catherine the Great had she reigned alone, is a fine piece of historical reconstruction; so is the essay on Lely, and the charming tribute to the modest John Riley who painted Isaac Newton. Mr. Tarkington is at his best and most tender in the paper on John Jackson—readers of Haydon's Autobiography will remember him—and his subject, Tom Moore. Of all the essays, however, I like best those on Gilbert Stuart and on Gainsborough. He treats of Gainsborough as a man's man, a painter of men, taking as his peg the superb portrait of Blackstone, the jurist. Of Gilbert Stuart, that fine painter and great snuff-taker—he used half a pound a day if John Quincy Adams is to be believed—Mr. Tarkington writes with loving and amused understanding.

Here is a book in which pictures and their painters come splendidly alive. A word of praise must be given to the illustrations; the fourteen in color are so good that I could not help wishing greedily that the other eight reproductions, excellent as they are, were also in color.

Fighting Words

IDEAS ARE WEAPONS. By Max Lerner. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. 553 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by ROBERT BIERSTEDT

MUCH has Mr. Lerner traveled in the realms of public law and economics, and widely has he roamed in the fields of literature, history, and sociology. Now he recounts his travels during the past seven years so that all may examine them in one place. The book represents a miscellaneous collection of reviews and essays which yields to none in their heterogeneity.

Although one might regret that the author has not provided an organized treatment of any one of the major issues which confront him, only a superficial reader would attribute to them a total absence of integration. For whatever the subject, Mr. Lerner, who thinks it is later than you think it is, runs the gamut of political theory from Marx to Lenin, the gamut of economic theory from Marx to Veblen, and the gamut of legal theory from Holmes to Brandeis.

Mr. Lerner divides these essays and reviews into four groups: The Users of Ideas, A Galaxy of Americans (from John Marshall to John Dos Passos), Some European Thinkers (from Jonathan Swift to Thomas Mann), and Ideas and Society. The essays on constitutional law stand out from the others as maintaining consistently higher standards of scholarship and disclosing a higher degree of authority.

The essay on Pareto's Republic de-

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serves particular commendation, although the "seven-year plague" of residues and derivations has happily failed to materialize. The piece entitled "Robert S. Lynd: The Revolt against Quietism" also illuminates the insistence upon action which characterizes both men. But how did Mr. Lynd revolt against quietism? By sitting in a six-by-eight cubicle in the Columbia University library writing a book called "Knowledge for What?" Exactly so, for ideas are weapons. But what are the intermediate mechanisms by which ideas become weapons? Or again, perhaps the ideas of Kitty Foyle [advt.] and her co-workers carry a sharper edge and cut a wider swath than the ideas of a Marx or a Veblen, a Lynd or a Lerner. Although the answers to these more sociological questions become nowhere apparent, those not familiar with the places where Mr. Lerner habitually publishes can rarely find a more stimulating discussion of ideas and men, seldom a more scholarly treatment of so many of them, and never a result based more firmly on earnest conviction than in the pages of this book.

San Francisco's Old Palace

BONANZA INN. By Oscar Lewis and Carroll D. Hall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1939. 346 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE R. STEWART

WHETHER any Ph. D. has done a thesis upon hotels in literature, I do not at the moment recollect; if it has not been done already, doubtless it will be. Such a work could allude gracefully to the inns mentioned by Horace, Apuleius, and Petronius. It could come vigorously on through the Tabard of Southwark and the Boar's Head of Eastcheap; for our own day it could treat the work of Vicki Baum, Arnold Bennett, and Sinclair Lewis. In recent times, moreover, people have begun to take these institutions seriously enough to write histories of individual hotels.

"Bonanza Inn" is the story of what pre-'06 San Franciscans remember affectionately as "the old Palace." The Palace began with a bang, the

From the jacket of "Bonanza Inn"

finest hotel in the West, acclaimed locally (even in the present book) as the finest hotel in the world. After thirty years, still admitting no rival but undoubtedly about to slip, it escaped the disgrace of becoming second-rate and the ignominy of being torn down for junk. Instead, it definitely stood off the earthquake, and then dramatically went up in flames during the conflagration which followed.

Certain limitations are, quite naturally, inherent in the subject itself. Only moneyed people could stay at the Palace, and a book devoted to the cavorting of the upper ten percent develops a certain frothiness. We wish that the records told more of what the Negro chambermaids thought of it all. What were Bierce's contacts with the Palace? What thoughts on poverty did it suggest to Henry George, or on conspicuous consumption to Thorstein Veblen?

All else must be said in praise. The gorgeous Gilded-Age scandal of Sharon and his Rose outweighs all of Veblen's works for entertainment at least. The book has been painstakingly and accurately compiled; its well-mannered restraint eschews exaggeration. The carefully chosen illustrations are more than ornaments—they really illustrate. The style of writing is a little spotty. The chapter on the opera stars is too much a series of newspaper clippings. On the other hand, most of the book displays the same deft, certain touch which made "The Big Four" a distinguished piece of prose and a joy to read. Readers of that volume will also remember the delightful but sometimes incongruous Meredithian comedy which pervaded that story of epic and even tragic events. The same sprit shapes "Bonanza Inn"—and more naturally. For an intelligent man can scarcely approach the subject of a "luxury hotel" except in the attitude of a Jeremiah or a Meredith—and the Meredithian approach makes at least for better reading.

The Fall of Man

CANDLE IN THE DARK: A Postscript to Despair. By Irwin Edman. New York: The Viking Press. 1939. 88 *pp.* $1.25.

Reviewed by JONATHAN DANIELS

THE distance from stockbrokers to philosophers sometimes seems absolute. It is a good subway ride from Wall Street to 116th, from the statistical department of the Stock Exchange to the department of philosophy in Columbia University. And yet this eloquent statement of courage in faith after collapse by a sensitive philosopher seemed to me in 1939 strangely reminiscent of some less articulate courage in faith which did appear in the midst of hysteria in 1929 when in terms of their values men down town also faced an end of a world. In neither case was the world ending. But what happened to the "new plateau of prices" and what has happened with the recurrence of war to the new plateau of idealism is very much the same. In our dreams and our desires we can inflate men as well as stocks, and beyond dreaming, what we come to, as I think Irwin Edman has pointed out, is not a basis for despair in man but that facing of the reality of man which may be the beginning of wisdom.

"Men in the nineteenth century," Mr. Edman says, "were sad that they could no longer believe in God. They are more deeply saddened now by the fact that they can no longer believe in man." What man? Mr. Edman knows that "men and women are not angels, but they are not devils either." He holds to his faith in the common man. But I felt that the man we can no longer believe in is not my brother in the filling station, the factory, the philosophy department, the stock-broker's office, and the army, but a new man-god we made to substitute for the old one. And now this one's machines are not more satisfying than the other one's miracles. Plenty and peace elude us. Science has done no better job than celestial omnipotence.

Mr. Edman has put his words together here in a sweet combination of emotionalism and wisdom. He is man in the tragedy; he is also the man with the sense of history, the abiding faith, the wisdom to give power to his postscript to despair. In this brief book, in passages poetic and passionate, he has done more than set up a straw mood to knock down. Nevertheless he does make the darkness deeper, it seems to me, than most men in America in this hour feel it to be. He writes, I suspect, for men whose hopes were higher to be flung down so far. But as a testament of faith in a time of trouble, he has written a book which may help the hearts and save the faith of many who share his trouble and his hopes.

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Confederate Diplomacy

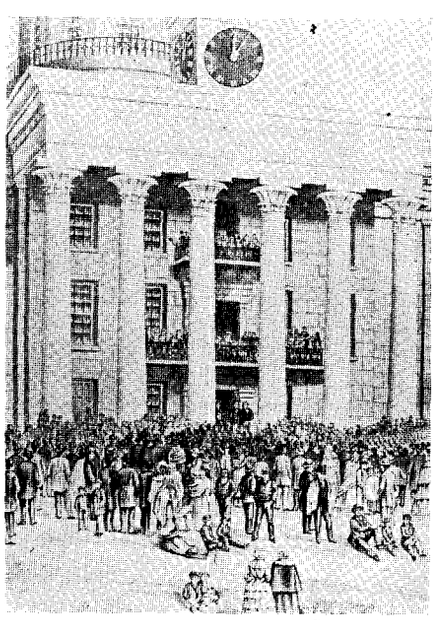
STATESMEN OF THE LOST CAUSE: Jefferson Davis and His Cabinet. By Burton J. Hendrick. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. 452 *pp., with index.* $3.75.

Reviewed by DOUGLAS FREEMAN

IF the title of Mr. Hendrick's newest book implied a distinction between statesmen and politicians, old Confederates would have disputed ere they turned a page. "Statesmen"? The men who starved in the Petersburg trenches would have sniffed disdainfully at the word. "Politicians," they contemptuously styled their civil leaders, and for thirty years insisted that the Congress and the cabinet were of unfathomable feebleness, incompetent and self-seeking, because all the talents of the South were given to the Army and to the Navy. Not until glamor had gathered did the veterans become tolerant of the politicians. Even after 1900, it was difficult to raise money for a monument to Jefferson Davis.

Mr. Hendrick probably would not dissent from the view of the ex-soldiers, nor would he affirm for a moment that he has probed all the reasons for their bitterness. He has not attempted to write a civil history of the Confederacy but to portray the men and the incidents that interested him. The Pickett Papers in the Library of Congress, that curious and tragic collection from the files of the Confederate State Department, have intrigued Mr. Hendrick. Chiefly from the Pickett Papers, but with diligent use of other sources, he has written skillfully and with zest a brief history of the misadventures of Confederate diplomacy. Scarcely less has Mr. Hendrick been impressed by the soundness of Professor F. L. Owsley's "King Cotton Diplomacy." With proper acknowledgment and many fine touches of his own, he retells the story Dr. Owsley uncovered. These two subjects, diplomacy and cotton, Mr. Hendrick has combined so adroitly with sketches of individual leaders that one scarcely is conscious of the absence of any detailed discussion of the anti-Davis cabal, or of the paucity of the treatment accorded James A. Seddon's administration of the War Department. Seddon and particularly four of his bureau chiefs and deputized officers —Gorgas, St. John, Lawton, and G. W. Rains—deserved better.

With the general reservation that no Southerner will accept some of Mr. Hendrick's conclusions, there can be nothing but praise for the fertility of his analysis and the delight of his narrative. His major political thesis is that the establishment of the Confederacy was a Gulf-State revolution, an upsurge of "Southern nationalism," that terminated the Virginia "aristocratic" leadership. From the abolition of entails in Virginia, that leadership had lost its foundations. After 1830, it had sunk progressively. There was no strong, farther abutment for the bridge made by John Randolph of Roanoke, Tyler, Rives, and Benjamin Watkins Leigh between the "Virginia dynasty" and the men of 1850. The position of James M. Mason, who figures largely and none too attractively in Mr. Hendrick's pages, never was comparable in political power to that of some of his predecessors in the Senate. He was more often elected than heeded. The same is true of R. M. T. Hunter. A social tradition remained; sentimentally, Virginia was still in 1860 the first State of the South; politically, the scepter had passed. She



Culver Service

Inauguration of Jefferson Davis

knew it. Even when this is explained, there is danger in generalization or in over-ready acceptance of what seems to be at once a logical and a dramatic pattern. In a crisis, men are accepted more for what they can do than for what they are. Outside the drawing-rooms in the "court end" of Richmond during the Confederacy, there was little question whether a man was an aristocrat or a democrat. What the country wished to know was whether he could contribute to independence.

Within the frame of his general thesis of "Southern nationalism" Mr. Hendrick has drawn a series of sketches. These are, with few exceptions, as just as they are sincerely delineated. Perhaps Mr. Hendrick has credited Robert Toombs and other pre-war politicians with too large an influence during wartime. The shadows of the giants dwindled as the holocaust mounted. In the case of Toombs, whether his dominant mental quality before 1861 be appraised as arrogance, consciousness of ability, ambition, or determination, war showed him essentially insubordinate and without redeeming military competence. The discipline of arrest on the Rappahannock and the reputation gained by a stubborn stand at Sharpsburg did not change him. Army commanders probably were as glad to be rid of him as President Davis was sorry to have him return to civil life as an untrammeled critic. The fiery old Georgian soon saw that it was more popular to be a poor general than a good agitator, and four months after he left the army he was seeking to return.

Although Mr. Hendrick's picture of Judah P. Benjamin is the most lifelike of all—the Secretary is a veritable Wertheimer for this literary Sargent—Mr. Hendrick attaches too much weight to the printed charge in January, 1861, that Benjamin as a youth had to leave Yale because of stealing. Publication of this libel in the *Independent* is an argument against, rather than for, its justification, because that paper was notorious then and during Reconstruction for precisely such assaults on Southern-born men. The author of the charge, it might be added, had been physician to the Liberian colony and had pronounced hostility to the Southern defenders of slavery. This apart, the one flaw in the sketch of Benjamin is the failure to stress the Secretary's singular self-confidence in his quick mastery of the art of war. Benjamin seemed to think he could learn strategy as readily as he could grasp a new principle in a decision of the Supreme Court. Within three months after he had gone to the War Department, he spoke and wrote as if he were competent to command as well as to administer armies. This it was that caused friction with Joseph E. Johnston, this that almost cost the Confederacy the service of "Stonewall" Jackson, and this, even more than the unhappy sequence of military disasters during his tenure, that brought imperative demand for his resignation. The story that he allowed himself to be made a scapegoat for the Roanoke Island disaster, rather than give the enemy knowledge of the shortage of powder, has persisted long but it is of doubtful accuracy.

There are minor misstrokes on the part of Mr. Hendrick. The book as a whole is a splendidly executed succession of fascinating studies.

Douglas Southall Freeman is the author of the Pulitzer Prize-winning biography, "Robert E. Lee."

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The Saturday Review
of Literature

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Candles and Ironies

THE Christmas issue of *The Saturday Review* goes to press with few references to the war. This is not altogether by design. A weekly magazine which devotes the majority of its space to reviews of just-published books, and which allocates that space in proportion to the importance of the books reviewed, necessarily takes some of its tone, each week, from the subject-matter of the new books. Not only is this week's publishing output dominated by the Sandburg Lincoln—a war book, to be sure, but as far as a book can be from this war; moreover, not many of the recent books that loom largest on the best-seller lists and among the Christmas recommendations are war books. Notable exceptions are, in fiction, Ethel Vance's "Escape" and Somerset Maugham's "Christmas Holiday"—both distillations of pre-war European atmosphere; in non-fiction, Rauschning's "Revolution of Nihilism" and the latest books of John Gunther and Vincent Sheean—all three, again, concerned with the events leading up to the war, or, in the case of "Inside Asia," parallel events in another hemisphere. On the fiction best-seller list, eight of the first ten books are not war books, including "The Grapes of Wrath," "Kitty Foyle," and—appropriately for Christmas—"The Nazarene;" on the non-fiction list, five of the first ten are unconnected with international affairs, including "Country Lawyer," "A Treasury of Art Masterpieces," and "Wind, Sand and Stars."

Any attempt to relate these circumstances to the trend of public interest is a blind dive into the imponderable. A distinguished Southern newspaper editor said the other day that the American public has lost interest in this war. Maybe. Or maybe the public is getting all it wants about the war from the newspapers; or maybe the war is still too young to have produced anything much in the way of a book. One definite opinion, however, may be offered. It arises from reflections on the contents of some of the December magazines. Several of the monthlies contain articles on various aspects of the war, articles which had to be written in October for publication now, and which have one and all gone flat on the presses. Perhaps what the public wants to read about the war is whatever is indisputably timely, and whatever is unrelated to timeliness, but nothing in between.

Two new books on the war which do not depend on timeliness—which indeed are not primarily informative—and which for that reason may find a temporary resting-place beneath many a Christmas tree, are Irwin Edman's "Candle in the Dark" and James Thurber's book of drawings, "The Last Flower*." "Candle in the Dark" is reviewed on another page. "The Last Flower" was, we understand, substituted by Mr. Thurber for another book of his previously on the publication schedule; and *Life,* which ran a skillful condensation of its pictures, calls it an anti-war parable. But what timeliness it possesses is irrelevant, and if it is a parable, it carries a desperate moral. In a series of fifty-one drawings, with brief narrative commentary, Mr. Thurber shows the progress of humanity through civilization to war, through war to barbarity, back again—through the rediscovery of love inspired by the last flower on earth—to civilization, and so on. It is not a book on war so much as it is a book on human nature. It is, incidentally, a funny book, because Mr. Thurber's drawings are invariably funny, but the humor is all in the style, not in the idea. "The Last Flower" is, in its unpretentious way, a powerful argument against war—against war in general and against participation in any particular war; but it is an argument presented in terms that make its own defeat inevitable. "The Last Flower" is the last irony. We give you Mr. Thurber for Christmas; as an antidote, we give you Mr. Edman's "Candle in the Dark." Which one makes more impression on you depends on your temperatment. Otherwise, as we began by saying, this Christmas number of *The Saturday Review* does—if partially by accident—call your attention to the fact that there are other things than war still in the world.

*THE LAST FLOWER. By James Thurber. New York: Harper & Bros. 1939. $2.

Poetical Sketches

BY ROBERT HILLYER

I: Aging Poet

IF every critic, without stint,
Praised him and him alone;
If every publisher would print
No verses but his own;
If somebody would merely hint
He sits in Shakspere's throne,—
Then would his fellow poets be
Safe from his animosity.

II: Aging Poetess

The shabby poetess, with furtive look
Around, to make quite sure no one observed her,
Slipped from the shelf a lately-published book.
"No thank you, I'm just browsing." And she curved her
Hand above the page. That clerk unnerved her;
She knew he must have noticed how it shook.
When he had gone, she fluttered through the pages,
And then the Index to the letter *N*.
Anthologies are huge, and it seemed ages
Before she knew her doom. By trembling stages
Her hand groped up and clutched her garnet pin,
While one tear splashed where her name might have been.

III: Young Poet

Forbear from pride of publishing, my child,
Nor be set up by praise or cheques or prizes.
If criticized, you will but be reviled;
If read, not by the one who criticizes.
Only your family and friendly liars
Will wait for that miraculous November
Which sees your volume bound,—bound for the briars
Of that old swamp, Oblivion. And remember
That Shakspere saw a garbled blur at best,
And Sappho is a tattered palimpsest.

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Letters to the Editor: *Children Who Live Forever*

Other Children Who Live

SIR:—The criticism I am about to make of Mr. Edward Weeks's article may seem picayunish, still I feel that he has been making judgments without evidence.

In the first place he says that the "Goops" and Palmer Cox's "Brownies" have disappeared, and he says the "Brownies" are out of print. Not only are they in print (I just purchased new copies this fall) but they are among the most popular books we have in the library. In fact, they are one of the reasons we can't enforce a quiet rule in the library, for no one can enjoy Palmer Cox in silence.

He then says that "Swiss Family Robinson," "The Peterkin Papers," and "Five Little Peppers" are fading, and again, from my experience, that is an error. All of those books are in constant circulation and are loved by the children.

As for "Little Lord Fauntleroy," I too loved him, but try as hard as I can I cannot make him "go over" with the children of today.

I like Mr. Weeks's article, "Children Who Live Forever," very much, but I do feel he was a bit careless in his statements.

PHYLLIS R. FENNER,
Librarian.

Plandome Road School,
Manhasset, N. Y.

Nominating Heidi

SIR:—"Children Who Live Forever" will be so lonely if they must play without Heidi! The Heidi of the Tyrol, not of Hollywood!

Heidi and I were little girls together in the early 1920s, and although she liked Maine, she invited or lured me to visit her Alps. We finally had our rendezvous and I "gamboled up an Alp and down an Alp."

So—please don't leave my little girl friend, Heidi, out!

SYLVIA SUPOVITZ.
Lewiston, Maine.

Nominating Pinocchio

SIR:—On the whole I am inclined to agree with Mr. Edward Weeks in his choice of the ten immortal children of literature, but why must he confine his ten to British and American books? Why must he leave out of his reckoning that lively little Italian boy who, even though a marionette and made of wood, charms children more consistently today than Dorothy of "The Wizard of Oz" or Little Lord Fauntleroy?

If it be urged that Pinocchio is too juvenile to interest a child of ten it is possible to reply that he is no more juvenile than Alice of "Alice in Wonderland." And if it is held against him that he is only a wooden boy it should not be forgotten that he becomes a real flesh-and-blood boy at the end of his book.

I feel certain that seven of Mr. Weeks's children would be found in every public library in the United States, no matter how small, but although it may be heresy to say it I am not in the least sure of Fauntleroy, of Penrod, or of Dorothy. They probably would be present, I admit, but also they might not be. But Pinocchio would be included in any collection of library books as automatically as Alice, Jo March, or Tom Sawyer.

LOUISE DAVIES.
Ventura, Cal.

"Please wrap them separately. I'm giving volume I to my husband and volume II to my son."

Required Reading

SIR:—Without presuming to add to Elmer Davis's list of required reading for the crisis, I would suggest that anyone turning over the pages of Montesquieu's "Spirit of Laws" is likely to turn up nuggets like this:

> As virtue [love of country] is necessary in a republic, and, in a monarchy, honor, so fear is necessary in a despotic government: with regard to virtue, there is no occasion for it, *and honor would be extremely dangerous.*

HAROLD PHELPS STOKES.
Tucson, Ariz.

"Mrs. Morton of Mexico"

SIR:—Grace Flandrau, in reviewing my tale "Mrs. Morton of Mexico," selects five lines from the brief introductory poem, and gratifyingly states that they are "poignant and beautiful . . . spoken with the authentic voice of a poet." Now, these are very lovely words, surely betokening an attentive and nobly equipped critic. Hence it was with mingled emotions that I noted that Mrs. Flandrau, in quoting the five "poignant and beautiful" lines, had rewritten three of them—which is, I believe, a privilege that is generally considered to be reserved for the author. And I should be guilty of complicity in mortal error if I gave the impression that I thought her rewriting of my poetry or her retelling of my story is done as well as I did it myself.

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE.
New York City.

Destiny

SIR:—

When, in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies
Where wealth accumulates and men decay,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind
I feel a nameless sadness o'er me roll.
Our own felicity we make or find;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep?
Earth has not anything to show more fair.
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep
I am a part of all that I have met.
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!

G. C. HADDOW.
Hamilton, Canada.

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THURBER, Inc.

BY ROBERT M. COATES

"Few people can have profited as much by their misfortunes as he has" . . .

ONE of the hardest things in the world to fathom is the functioning of the funny man. Humor is such a strange brand of merchandise: one has only to stop and think about it for a moment to realize how elaborate and artificial are the devices by which the humorist reaches his audience, as compared with other kinds of writers. Take the poet—he comes right out with his difficulties, pausing only to put them into rhyme. The realist enumerates his emotions methodically, his sole concern being to translate them into the form of the third person and to specify at the outset of his book that "all the characters are fictitious and imaginary, and any resemblance to actual persons is entirely accidental." The romanticist — well, he can just cut loose entirely; he is perhaps the happiest writer of all.

But the humorist is faced with the far more specialized problem of expressing all his experiences, both his joys and his anguishes, in the terms of one mood, that of laughter, and the odd fact is that the hardest of these to convert into writable material is the happier portion, the "joys," the gay moments. This seems wrong, but it is so, and perhaps it is the reason why humorous writers are usually so sad at heart: they can't help feeling that any personal pleasure they may have is, professionally, just so much time wasted. Thus, if a humorist runs for a train and—without falling, without sliding in the mud or crashing into an old lady with a basketfull of eggs—if, in short, he simply catches it and goes on to his destination without incident, then he will of course have been the better for a pleasant uneventful journey and his nervous system will have profited thereby. Creatively, however, the experience will have been valueless; if he had even so much as lost his ticket and been thrown off the train at Poughkeepsie you would find that humorist a much happier man next day.

One of James Thurber's great virtues as a writer (and a really great virtue it is, too) is his ability to distil his personal escapades, even the most fantastic of them, into convincing literary form—if need be, almost on the instant of their occurrence. Some writers, of course, make up their misadventures out of hand, but their work lacks the smack of the real thing. Thurber has rarely had to descend to such methods. Nature has provided him with an infinity of source material. Tall, shy, lean, loose-jointed, and absent-minded, he has the physical equipment for getting into involuntary mischief and the artistic detachment for making the most of it after it has happened. He has a knack for losing things or leaving them in hotel rooms, for forgetting to pay his telephone bills—but he also has the gift of seeing, uncloudedly, the ridiculous aspect of the situations these quirks get him into.

Few people can have profited by their misfortunes as much as he has. Some years ago, he was the owner of an overcoat that can only be described as ill-chosen. In addition to the color, it had something of the weight and texture of armor plate, and it was too big for Thurber besides. The result was that life with that overcoat had the aspect of a battle with a natural force. It would catch the wind suddenly and sweep him off the sidewalk into the street. It would wrap itself around his legs and throw him. In the face of the risks involved, he kept on wearing the coat, however. It gave him ideas, not only about clothing, but also about the fragility of man, the malevolence of the inanimate, and so on. In various guises, it crept into a number of the pieces he was writing at the time, until at last in a kind of valedictory one about it, called "The Gentleman Is Cold," he admitted it had got even him down, and announced that he was through with it, and indeed with all winter trappings, forever. (Incidentally, he has stuck pretty well to that Spartan resolution. On even the coldest days you'll usually find him striding forth, overcoatless and hatless, and shivering only slightly.)

That overcoat was a landmark in a period when Thurber's way of life, customarily more or less haphazard, was irregular. Always a good deal of a noctambule — his best working moods, as well as his liveliest conversational flashes, come well after midnight—he had pushed his habits so far in that direction that he ended by reversing the usual order of things completely, and found himself getting up when most people were going to bed, and vice versa.

Even his meal schedule was upended: friends, having a late snack after the theater, would encounter Thurber ordering his breakfast tomato juice, toast, and coffee, and his dinner would be eaten, morosely as befits a man worn out with heavy doings, in the company of cheery and well-washed breakfasters, just starting off for a rousing day at the office. His health suffered, and so did his other habits. A peculiarity of that period was the fact that he seemed for the moment to have forgotten that such things as laundries existed. A bachelor at the time, he lived in hotels, and his method of disposing of a shirt or a pair of socks that had dirtied was simply to stuff them into the clothes closet of his room and buy new ones. When the pile of discards became unwieldy, he would shut that door forever and move to another hotel. Not the least of the present Mrs. Thurber's accomplishments is that, with only the gentlest pressure, she got him onto a less owl-like schedule —and eating regular—within a few months after they were married.

If his ordinary habits have provided Thurber with plenty of humorous material, his background has been equal-

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ly fruitful. He was born and brought up in Columbus, Ohio; and Columbus, respectable and thriving city though it is, is in many respects a humorist's paradise. Just small and insular enough so that everyone knows almost everyone else, just big and busy enough so that individual actions can have more startling repercussions than they might in a village, it is, or was in Thurber's day there, a place where madmen (harmless, of course, but still mad) could operate roller coasters; where others could give play to a fondness for peppering passing legislators with electric light bulbs, dropped from the top of the State House dome, and be indulged in the pastime because otherwise there was "no harm in the boy"; and where the populace as a whole lived at such a state of general tension that the bursting of a medium-sized dam forty miles away (which, it turned out in the end, hadn't burst at all; it was only a rumor) could set the entire population to climbing church steeples, Civil War monuments, and factory chimneys to escape imaginary disaster.

Thurber, as his readers will recall, has profited hugely from such sources, and it is a mark of Columbus's ample tolerance that it loves him the more for it. Students of Thurberiana will remember, too, the stories of his early family life—tales from which one gathers that it was a calm night indeed in the Thurber household when Grandfather (who was under the impression that the Army of the Potomac was still hammering away at Richmond) didn't shoot a policeman, when Father wasn't found locked up in the dog-pen and Mother shying shoes through a neighbor's window, or when hell of some sort didn't break loose before dawn.

These stories too, if one allows for a certain amount of artistic license, are true. Thurber's father was neither so helpless nor so bewildered as Thurber makes him out, his mother so excitable nor his brothers so unpredictable, but it is a tribute to their actions in combination that even in case-hardened Columbus the doings of the Thurbers are remembered a little shiverily. Thurber's mother, though now nearing her seventies and deceptively sedate in all appearances, is still capable of such pranks as arranging to wear a certain flower as identification when meeting a distant relative at a railway station, and then prettily presenting the flower to a stranger on the platform and secreting herself to watch the ensuing by-play, and she occasionally startles her son by writing long letters describing family mishaps and calamities whose progressive absurdity becomes apparent only on the third or fourth page.

Thurber's own career didn't really get started until 1927, when he went to work for the *New Yorker*. Before that, he'd worked on a variety of newspapers, from the *Columbus Dispatch* to the *Paris Tribune* and the *New York Evening Post*, and still earlier had served a hitch with the State Department as a code clerk, first in Washington and later at the Paris Embassy. The State Department job was Thurber's war service, and he left Ohio State University in his senior year to do it. (He'd lost the sight of an eye in one of those childhood bow-and-arrow accidents and so was unfitted for sterner duty.) The newspaper work, however, was designed as a kind of flanking attack on a literary career, and Thurber spent a good share of his off-hours writing briskly away on various creative ventures—none of which, for one reason or another, caught the fancy of any of the editors and publishers who were privileged to view them.

This of course is a phase that all young writers go through, but no one had told Thurber this, or if they had he hadn't believed them, and he was feeling pretty low, both in funds and in spirits, when the year 1927 came around. He had sold a couple of pieces to the *New Yorker* — trivial little items as he classed them, dashed off in the midst of his more extended efforts —and he had met E. B. White, who was already on the staff of the magazine, at a cocktail party. Between Thurber and White an instant, and, as it turned out, enduring friendship sprang up, and it wasn't long before White had wangled an interview for him with Harold Ross, then as now the *New Yorker's* editor.

Thurber: a self-portrait

The object of the interview, of course, was a job, and in Thurber's mind almost any job would have done. Ross however surprised everyone concerned, except possibly himself, by hiring Thurber on the spot, and for no less a post than that of managing editor. This was in line with Ross's general policy at the time. Somewhat puzzled himself by the extraordinary popularity of the magazine he had created, he was investigating the reasons for the phenomenon by a sort of trial-and-error method, and his system included hiring the most improbable people for the most unlikely jobs, apparently just to see what effect their advent would have on the total mixture. For Thurber, however, it was success with what threatened to be a vengeance.

He hadn't quite dared to refuse the job, its salary and his finances being what they were. From his newspaper work, he knew how type is put together and printing accomplished. But of the problems involved in running a magazine he knew practically nothing at all, and though for a time he tried to save himself by keeping mum on everything (old-timers on the *New Yorker* still remember the profound air he preserved at conferences, so different from his later manner, while his taciturnity was so great that a grave, noncommittal nod was all he'd vouchsafe to even the most pressing questions) he soon saw that if he was going to get anywhere on the magazine at all he'd have to find some way of climbing down from the eminence where he had landed.

His object thenceforth was the reverse of the usual aim of ambitious young men. He had to work his way down, not up, and he succeeded so well that in six months' time he had left his managing editorship far behind him and was safe in the Talk of the Town department, writing and editing the short reportorial items that make up that section of the magazine—and breathing easier. It was a job that he liked, and it left him some time for his own writing as well. Moreover, he had now forged his way to a position level with that of his former underling, White, who was writing the editorial paragraphs called "Notes and Comment" that form the lead-off page of that department. The two had adjoining offices, and this propinquity soon, as the saying is, bore fruit.

Thurber, like White, had a keen if disrespectful eye for the play of contemporary fads, and the fad of the moment, in books at least, was for sex. A host of authors, from Samuel D. Schmalhausen and V. F. Calverton to Fritz Wittels and Mrs. Stopes, had dropped everything else they were doing and were busily instructing the American people on what love was and how to make it. This, quite understandably, struck both Thurber and White as a little silly, and more or less for the hell of it they started writing a parody. They did alternate chapters, and some of the chapters were printed in the *New Yorker;* the whole was published by Harper's under the title "Is Sex Necessary?" and its success startled everybody. It sold something like 40,000 copies, and

(*Continued on page* 28)

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THE EDITORS RECOMMEND FOR CHRISTMAS

THE SOUTH TO POSTERITY
By Douglas Southall Freeman. Scribners. $2.50. Delightful book about books, rediscovering some of the outstanding non-fiction writings on the Civil War.
Reviewed November 25.

FLOWERING EARTH
By Donald Culross Peattie. Putnams. $2.50. Plant behavior vividly portrayed in a book that makes botany alive and exciting.
Reviewed November 11.

LAND BELOW THE WIND
By Agnes Keith. Little, Brown. $3. Spirited chronicle of life in Borneo by the American wife of an English civil servant.
Reviewed November 11.

THE HUNDREDTH YEAR
By Philip Guedalla. Doubleday, Doran. $3. A brilliant English historian's commentary on dramatic episodes of the year 1936.
Reviewed October 28.

THE SPIDER STRIKES
By Michael Innes. Dodd, Mead. $2. A mystery story without a murder, but with an unusual and engaging literary flavor.
Reviewed November 11.

COLLECTED POEMS OF MARK VAN DOREN
Holt. $3.50. The works of one of the most sensitive and accomplished of contemporary American poets.
Reviewed August 5.

REACHING FOR THE STARS
By Nora Waln. Little, Brown. $3. Nazi Germany seen through the eyes of an American woman.
Reviewed March 11.

MAUD
Edited by Richard Lee Strout. Macmillan. $3.50. Autobiographical chronicle of a young lady's entrance into the social world of Cairo, Illinois, in the last century.
Reviewed October 21.

MODERN AMERICAN PAINTING
By Peyton Boswell, Jr. Dodd, Mead. $5. A handsomely illustrated volume on "America's new school of native painting."
Reviewed October 14.

A TREASURY OF ART MASTERPIECES
Edited by Thomas Craven. Simon and Schuster. $10. Color reproductions of 144 great paintings with illuminating comment.
Reviewed September 30.

THE HERITAGE OF AMERICA
By Henry Steele Commager and Allan Nevins. Little, Brown. $4. An anthology of highly interesting excerpts from writings of those who helped to make America.
Reviewed September 30.

OF HUMAN FREEDOM
By Jacques Barzun. Little, Brown. $2.50. A witty historian explains why democracy is a continuing process.
Reviewed September 16.

DANIEL BOONE
By John Bakeless. Morrow. $3.50. A spirited and definitive life of the wilderness hero.
Reviewed September 9.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN
By Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace. $20. Continuing from the Prairie Years to the most engrossing period in the life not only of Lincoln but of the United States.
Reviewed in this issue.

THE YOUNG MELBOURNE
By David Cecil. Bobbs-Merrill. $3. Biography of Lady Caroline Lamb and Lord Melbourne, as entertaining as it is informed.
Reviewed September 2.

THE WEB AND THE ROCK
By Thomas Wolfe. Harpers. $3. A posthumous novel in the author's familiar vein, revealing every facet of his ability.
Reviewed June 24.

THE NEW DEAL IN OLD ROME
By H. J. Haskell. Knopf. $2.50. History of the past in parallel to the present.
Reviewed May 27.

THE PATRIOT
By Pearl Buck. John Day. $2.50. A novel with a tragic and contemporary theme: the love of a Chinese man for a Japanese woman.
Reviewed March 4.

THE THIBAULTS
By Roger Martin du Gard. Viking. $3. An omnibus translation of the first seven volumes of a modern French classic of fiction.
Reviewed March 25.

CAPE HORN
By Felix Riesenberg. Dodd, Mead. $5. A scholarly book which should be thrilling even to the landlubber.
Reviewed September 30.

WIND, SAND, AND STARS
By Antoine de St. Excupéry. Reynal & Hitchcock. $2.75. An airman's response to the poetry and philosophy of flight.
Reviewed June 17.

BEHOLD, THIS DREAMER!
By Walter de la Mare. Knopf. $4.50. An anthology of literature on dreams with penetrating editorial comment.
Reviewed September 9.

SOME OLD PORTRAITS
By Booth Tarkington. Doubleday, Doran. $5. A lay historian and art critic's reactions to the personalities portrayed in some paintings.
Reviewed in this issue.

CHARLES' GIFT
By Hulbert Footner. Harpers. $3. Anecdotal history and description of a Maryland neighborhood.
Reviewed October 7.

INSIDE ASIA
By John Gunther. Harpers. $3.50. Entertaining, informative, and well-balanced account of the Orient, by the author of "Inside Europe."
Reviewed June 10.

THE LIVING TRADITION
By Simeon Strunsky. Doubleday, Doran. $3.50. A study of what is enduring in our institutions, standards, and psychology, by an inquiring and optimistic critic.
Reviewed November 18.

MOMENT IN PEKING
By Lin Yutang. John Day. $3. A many-sided, atmospheric novel of Chinese life.
Reviewed November 18.

FREE ARTIST
By Catherine Drinker Bowen. Random House. $3. Full-length portraits of those pianist-prodigies, Anton and Nicholas Rubinstein.
Reviewed November 18.

THE LETTERS OF T. E. LAWRENCE
Edited by David Garnett. Doubleday, Doran. $5. Revealing documentation on one of the most important twentieth-century minds, as well as a must for Lawrence specialists.
Reviewed March 11.

WICKFORD POINT
By J. P. Marquand. Little, Brown. $2.75. For those who haven't yet met the Brills and want a further "George Apley" slant on New England society.
Reviewed March 18.

EACH TO THE OTHER
By Christopher La Farge. Coward-McCann. $2.75. A novel in verse about one man's private struggles and triumphs, full of fine characterization.
Reviewed April 1.

THE GRAPES OF WRATH
By John Steinbeck. Viking. $2.75. Urgently recommended for people who have "heard so much about it that they don't want to read it."
Reviewed April 15.

THE LIFE OF GREECE
By Will Durant. Simon and Schuster. $3.95. A sound as well as exciting account of Greek history from prehistoric to Roman times.
Reviewed October 28.

THE NAZARENE
By Sholem Asch. Putnams. $2.75. The author of "Three Cities" bases this life of Christ on historical research and original interpretation.
Reviewed October 21.

WATCH FOR THE DAWN
By Stuart Cloete. Houghton Mifflin. $2.50. A moving and dramatic account of the Boers, at an earlier period than in "The Turning Wheels."
Reviewed September 2.

TELLERS OF TALES
By W. Somerset Maugham. Doubleday, Doran. $3.75. Short stories by American and European writers, chosen by a master hand.
Reviewed June 24.

THE REVOLUTION OF NIHILISM
By Hermann Rauschning. Alliance. $3. Sober, documented, inside story of the aims and characteristics of the Nazi party, by a former president of the Danzig Free State.
Reviewed September 9.

AMERICA IN MIDPASSAGE
By Charles A. and Mary R. Beard. Macmillan. $3.50. Volume III of "The Rise of American Civilization," dealing with the period from the Coolidge boom till 1938.
Reviewed May 20.

THE HUDSON
By Carl Carmer. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50. Illuminating, sprightly history and anecdote of the great Hudson Valley.
Reviewed July 1.

THE BIBLE OF THE WORLD
Edited by Robert O. Ballou. Viking. $5. A representative selection from the scriptures of eight religions, suitable for reading or for study.
Reviewed October 28.

NOT PEACE BUT A SWORD
By Vincent Sheean. Doubleday, Doran. $2.50. The life-struggles of Spain and Czechoslovakia remain immediate in the language and thinking of the author of "Personal History."
Reviewed July 29.

CANDLE IN THE DARK
By Irwin Edman. Viking. $1.25. "A postscript to despair" and a rediscovery of the enduring realities.
Reviewed in this issue.

THE LAST FLOWER
By James Thurber. Harpers. $2. A parable in pictures, with narrative comment, on war and human nature.
Reviewed in this issue.

AMERICA WAS PROMISES
By Archibald MacLeish. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 75 cents. A concentrated statement of our past, and of the significance of the present, in clear, sinewy verse.
To be reviewed.

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT
By Henry F. Pringle. Farrar & Rinehart. 2 vols. $7.50. Thorough and revealing presentation of Taft's career and political setting.
Reviewed October 28.

ESCAPE
By Ethel Vance. Little, Brown. $2.50. A serious thriller set in Nazi Germany with careful characterization and a convincing plot.
Reviewed September 23.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY WITH LETTERS
By William Lyon Phelps. Oxford. $3.75. His own story by one of the outstanding figures in American academic life.
Reviewed April 22.

SHAKESPEARE IN AMERICA
By Esther Cloudman Dunn. Macmillan. $3.50. History and interpretation of how this country received the Bard, in theaters and schools.
Reviewed October 28.

CHILDREN OF GOD
By Vardis Fisher. Harpers. $3. An unusual historical novel about the Mormons.
Reviewed August 26.

THESE ARE OUR LIVES
Federal Writers' Project. University of North Carolina Press. $2. Miniature autobiographies told to and written by WPA writers give a picture of people in the South.
Reviewed May 27.

And those of the editors not involved recommend:

THOREAU
By Henry Seidel Canby. Houghton Mifflin. $3.75.

KITTY FOYLE
By Christopher Morley. Lippincott. $2.50.

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The Screen and the Public

AMERICA AT THE MOVIES. By Margaret Farrand Thorp. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1939. 313 *pp., with index.* $2.75.

Reviewed by IRIS BARRY

THIS is a book unlike most that concern themselves with motion pictures. As a rule they appeal only to the specialists, the intellectuals, or the lowbrow fans. "America at the Movies" is thoroughly readable, of real interest to the man in the street and required study for all teachers, parents, editors, publicists, and contemporary philosophers or psychologists. It examines with a lively eye this "art shaped and influenced by public opinion," surveys the methods by which it is marketed and popularized through various forms of exploitation from the fan magazines through an astonishing assortment of high-pressures, to which an equally astounding assortment of prominent individuals and bodies lend themselves.

There is something alarming about many aspects of the motion picture, both as an industry and as a power with the public. Miss Thorp is quite aware of this. The whole subject is at once so glamorous and so severely practical, there are so many apparent contradictions and so much that has been believed and written about the motion picture is so misleading, that a book like this does much to clear the air. I do not quite believe all that Miss Thorp says, or with reservations. What she writes about the public's appetite for escape in the form of glamor and excitement is excellent and revealing, but it is not quite the whole story. Audiences do influence production, but they are not responsible for everything—no audiences for instance ever *demanded* talking pictures, though they took to them eagerly. No audiences *demanded* the creative progress the motion picture has seen and still sees. When a film of excellence comes along, its merits derive from the creative efforts of its makers and not from public pressure.

The chapter on "Cinema Fashions" is oddly fascinating, for I have never seen so many actual instances given before of the ways in which films dictate contemporary hairdressing, costume, cosmetics, furniture. It is amusing to hear that if Clark Gable appears without an undershirt, the manufacturers and garment workers are driven to protest for fear that millions of people might do likewise and go undershirtless. Sonja Henie has increased the sale of skates in this country by 150 per cent.

One topic treated with considerable insight is the nature of the motion picture industry itself, with some useful lines on exhibition, distribution, block-booking, double bills, and bank nights. This should clear up a good many bewilderments in the average person's mind, as should also the chapter on "Reforming the Movies." Here is a fascinating if rather alarming account of the various groups, organizations, clubs, and people that attempt to make films conform to their own particular ideas of what is and is not "right and good." It is well

"No audiences *demanded* the creative progress the motion picture has seen" . . . (From the jacket of "America at the Movies.")

that the moviegoer should realize something of this and, especially, the fact that each picture is subject to very strict censorship before a single foot of film is actually shot. Some of the details of excisions or omissions required by the code which governs the content of films are quite funny. However, possibly all this censorship and pressure has its beneficent side in forcing the film-makers to become increasingly ingenious and constantly to seek new ways of expression.

Miss Thorp's last chapter I thought in many ways the most interesting of all, for here she discusses movies and propaganda. She quotes from "America in Midpassage" concerning the role which films played in support of the naval expansion policy—one does not realize it at the time while actually seeing "Navy Blue and Gold" in a theater, but the conclusions seem fairly inescapable. It would be difficult to quibble with the comment, "some historian of the future may one day be surprised to discover that in the late 1930s the American motion picture industry made a large group of films glorifying every aspect of British virtue." Some space, too, is given to the new impulse for making films "say something" which led on the one hand to such pictures as "Dead End" and "Confessions of a Nazi Spy" and on the other hand to the documentary pictures such as "The River," "Spanish Earth," and "Crisis." The book closes with a comment which calls however for considerable reflection. It points out that the problem of getting ideas into movies is not a simple matter and that those who are attempting it must decide whether wanting ideas on the screen means wanting also ideas of which one passionately disapproves. What do we mean by the freedom of the screen and how can a double-edged sword be used with comfort?

Trouble in Kanewa

CAPITAL CITY. By Mari Sandoz. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. 343 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE GRIMES

THAT same hatred of individual greed which was expressed in her novel, "Slogum House," has now fired Mari Sandoz to lay about her with a devastating club against the selfishness of a smug, parasitical community, in "Capital City."

The violence in this new novel is almost unrelieved by any sweetness and light. It moves from the plundering of the laboring man and the tenant farmer to the despoiling of family life; from the cozening of legislatures by the power trust to the seduction of voters by blatherskites; from the brutality of strikebreaking thugs before complaisant police to the organized gangsterism of first-family young men formed into "Gold Shirts" beside whom Nazi brown shirts seem amiable playmates.

And it all stems from Miss Sandoz's conviction, arising from her observation of the capital cities of the midwest, that they suck the life blood of their states and return nothing good and wholesome. Perhaps it is accidental that she lives in Lincoln, the capital of Nebraska, and that many of the whispers and rumors and the backdoor gossip of Lincoln emerge in her novel. She is careful to explain that all this is fictional; that it applies to all the trans-Mississippi capitals as she sees them. Her Franklin, capital of Kanewa, is a symbol. But I suspect the indignation of Lincoln, which does have its vulnerable facets, will rise high against this writer.

The book would have been a better

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Bachrach

Mari Sandoz

piece of art had it been relieved by some concession to innate goodness in capital city inhabitants. Miss Sandoz makes no compromises with her general theme of the city's overmastering greed. She writes as hard as a man and hits with the crushing force of a Joe Louis. Her toughest characters freely mouth the phrases of the hobo jungle. This novel is strong meat; not at all for the squeamish.

If it fails to be convincing the reason lies, it seems to me, in its overemphasis. Even the most idiotically edited newspaper would not, could not, report news the way the *Capital City News* does in this book. Even the most selfishly blind Chamber of Commerce would not cut its own throat as consistently as does the one in Capital City. There is truth in this novel, bitter truth that needs the telling, but the effectiveness of the telling is clouded by the dark taint that is given every official action, every human relationship among those who are not miserably poor.

Having said that, something must be said for the strength, and even the brilliance of "Capital City." For it does strike out fearlessly against the most malignant sores in civic life. It does plead eloquently for decency in human relationships, and for honesty in high places. It does demand sympathy, understanding, and tenderness for the victims of depression, whether that depression results from drouth or from economic selfishness. It does report the agrarian revolt, the coöperative movement, the battles of organized labor.

Occasionally the author's appreciation of moral courage brightens with light otherwise sordid pages. Her sincerity cannot be doubted.

George Grimes is managing editor of the Omaha World-Herald.

Influential Books

BOOKS THAT CHANGED OUR MINDS. Edited by Malcolm Cowley and Bernard Smith. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1939. 285 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JACQUES BARZUN

THE idea suggested by the title of this volume is both an important and an attractive one, namely, to find out what books written in this century have affected the thinking of representative leaders of contemporary opinion. Such a plan rightly assumes not only that books change people's minds, but that what is called a book's influence is to be measured rather by its impact on a few other thinkers than by its popularity or its sales at the time of publication. On this point, Mr. Cowley's Foreword gives instructive and often amusing confirmation, by quoting from a number of answers to the original inquiry which led to the writing of the *New Republic* articles here gathered together.

The final list of titles is obviously not a census of the country's views on good reading. It is the result of a careful balancing of qualified opinion, with a dash of arbitrariness added for practical reasons. The qualified opinion, moreover, is of a very definite sort, which the editor accurately describes when he says: "the book as a whole expresses a unified point of view, which is that of liberalism in our own century." The twelve books on which this point of view is expressed are: Freud's "Interpretation of Dreams," criticized by George Soule; "The Education of Henry Adams," by Louis Kronenberger; Turner's "Frontier in American History," by Charles A. Beard; Sumner's "Folkways," by John Chamberlain; Veblen's "Business Enterprise," by R. G. Tugwell; Dewey's "Studies in Logical Theory," by C. E. Ayres; Boas's "Mind of Primitive Man," by Paul Radin; Beard's "Economic Interpretation of the Constitution," and Lenin's "The State and Revolution," both by Max Lerner; I. A. Richards's "Principles of Literary Criticism," by David Daiches; Parrington's "Main Currents in American Thought," by Bernard Smith; and Spengler's "Decline of the West," by Lewis Mumford.

This double list certainly whets the intellectual appetite. But the reader would be disappointed if he thought he was about to enjoy a series of mental autobiographies. The books that changed our minds are described and dissected, their place in the world of ideas is marked, but nowhere do the commentators bear witness to direct influence, to profound changes of mind such as Nietzsche, for example, imputed in his own case to Stendhal, or Shaw to Samuel Butler. The personal history of ideas is in this book limited to the comments in the Foreword and Afterword—both by Mr. Cowley—who cites a greater number of writers than participated in the final symposium.

The weight of the latter is consequently diminished, for although any testimony is valuable, not all criticism is good. The twelve chapters range all the way from Mr. Mumford's superb analysis of Spengler, and Mr. Radin's no less admirable critique of Boas, to the diffuse, inaccurate, and often irrelevant comments of C. E. Ayres on Dewey's "Logic." Beard's essay on Turner, Mr. Soule's estimate of Freud, and Mr. Tugwell's résumé of Veblen, are all workmanlike pieces that add very little to our knowledge of any of the six men involved. The treatment of William Graham Sumner by Mr. Chamberlain, on the contrary, makes one very much want to read a native sociologist whose name, met in obscure and often disparaging contexts, has long been a standing reproach to one's negligence. Strictly speaking, this essay is the only "revaluation" in the whole series. Readers of Mr. Max Lerner's recently published "Ideas Are Weapons" will find there the two essays he has contributed to the present collection, and will probably think that he is more convincing in dealing with Beard's views on the Constitution than in dealing with Lenin's *ad hoc* pamphlet.

The remaining three essays—on Henry Adams, Parrington, and I. A. Richards—severally explain the setting and thesis of the three books. While beautifully situating the man and the work, Mr. Kronenberger oscillates between affirming and denying permanent worth to Adams's "Education." Mr. Bernard Smith and Mr. Daiches, on the contrary, attach vast importance to the "solid" and "scientific" character of Parrington's and Richards's works. They independently think that the English critic and the American historian of literature have put an end once and for all to "impressionistic," "esthetic," and other precarious judgments of art. The Englishman has done it by semantics and psychology, the American by sociology and a sense of the materialistic determinism of history.

This note of worshipful yearning for science is in fact one of the keynotes of the entire book. With the ex-

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ception of Mr. Mumford, all the writers more or less congratulate themselves on the final dissipation of error which their age and their chosen author have jointly made possible by taking a materialistic or scientific view of things. The science, by the way, which most of the writers think of, refer to, and utilize as a standard for judging men and ideas boils down to Evolution on the one hand, and socio-economic determinism on the other. The names of Darwin and Marx recur on almost every other page. This makes one wonder how much the books here criticized changed the minds of the critics, and how much they merely came to stand, rightly or wrongly, as markers for a stream of ideas which are not of this century but of the last.

Salt of the Earth

THE CHANGING WEST: An Economic Theory about Our Golden Age. By William Allen White. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 144 *pp.* $1.50.

Reviewed by H. Bailey Carroll

WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE has produced in his new book a penetrating character analysis of the people of the West. The thesis is that "the West became what it was because of a vast increment of wealth from the rising price of virgin land." Mr. White's West begins at Buffalo and Pittsburgh and extends to Los Angeles and Seattle, excluding the South and Southwest.

The story of the West is oft-told and never old, but it appears that this little book may be found particularly challenging. Its sub-title announces: "An Economic Theory about Our Golden Age," but this is only the setting of the book. The increment of land in the West was not unique; the increment appeared when settlement and urbanization first brought real-estate value into civilization. This is an essay on spiritual values, a story about new and unique things of the spirit in a rich land. The Allegheny crest is for Mr. White a Platonistic height from which he descends with his Western immigrant to endow him not only with the known tangibles: the mechanistic advances of civilization; but also with intangibles: spiritual qualities built around justice, neighborliness, liberty, altruism, democracy, tolerance, and faith, almost all of which were exemplified in the plain white church and the little red schoolhouse, symbols to William Allen White for the West that was. The Western man—plain, middle-class, with homely virtues in abundance—is frankly idealized; he is the tie-beam which made and kept America great until static land values brought frustration and change, a decline that was reflected in the national set-up.

To recapture the Golden Age, Mr. White says that the three basic identities of democracy, Christianity, and capitalism—"the trinity of the American Middle Class"—must be reinstituted so that the products of the Machine shall be altruistically and widely distributed, but always with the preservation of profits. In short, society must prosper, and in the absence of the rising value of land, the increment must accrue from the increasing productivity of the machine.

There is something in the book for every American—a challenge or an inspiration—for here is the good heart of William Allen White, the good heart of Mid-America, offered to an age of science and sophistication as a way out of present dilemmas. He writes expertly—and that is just the word for it—with a strong Biblical flavor. He virtually says that only the way of the Cross leads home—and *quien sabe,* in this age of conflict, contradiction, and confusion on fundamentals, he may be right.

H. Bailey Carroll is on the faculty of the North Texas Agricultural College.

Shadow of War

A HALF INCH OF CANDLE. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1939. 315 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by Richard Aldington

THE period of Major Gibbs's novel is this year up to September, and the setting a rather idealized version of the French town of Vence, from which the author has most sensibly excluded all foreigners but his hero and heroine. The former is John Riversmead, a *cosmopolitain* with a British passport, ex-soldier, badly wounded, excellent linguist, a painter living alone in idyllic frugality. His brother George arrives; he is engaged in the lucrative but (except in moments of national danger) reviled trade of munition-making; and George's Russian wife, Natashka, is parked in Nice for an indefinite period with a strong hint that George is tired of her. Will John keep an eye on her for George? He will. And promptly forgets all about her.

A. Hamilton Gibbs

But Natashka herself turns up. She and John fall in love and she moves to his cottage. They are extremely happy, asking only to be left in peace. But there are the rumblings of the coming war and, of course, George. He reappears and offers a divorce and a handsome salary if they will act as secret salesmen in Russia. They refuse.

George denounces them to the Paris authorities as spies, and but for their friendly relations with the Maire life would be intolerable. Then comes the British Conscription Act and Natashka's pregnancy. This is the crisis in the book and in John's conscience. For the sake of his wife and child ought he not to accept George's offer after all, keeping them all three safe? With Natashka's full approval John decides they will go on as they are. Comes the order of general mobilization and the men of the village are lined up to leave in three motorbuses. The Maire and the Abbé make speeches, followed by John, who exhorts Lafleur to declare itself neutral. One of the bus drivers throws a large stone which knocks John out and also his right eye. We leave him still under an anesthetic, with Natashka kneeling beside him. He will not have to serve.

The weak point of this is that John would not have been called up anyway. He is 44, and the British Act only includes men up to 41. And the suggestion that a French commune could declare itself neutral is wholly impractical, like every other peace scheme so far devised. In every other respect the book has considerable merits. The style is easy, rapid, and extremely readable. The love affair strikes one as genuine—they really are in love—and the dilemma of conscience is real also. Major Gibbs evidently knows the French language and people remarkably well. Outside French literature I have never read a more accurate presentation of the life, characters, and talk in a French village. His is a sensitive intelligent outlook on life, and he has given us a vivid account of the Riviera scene in those anxious months preceding war.

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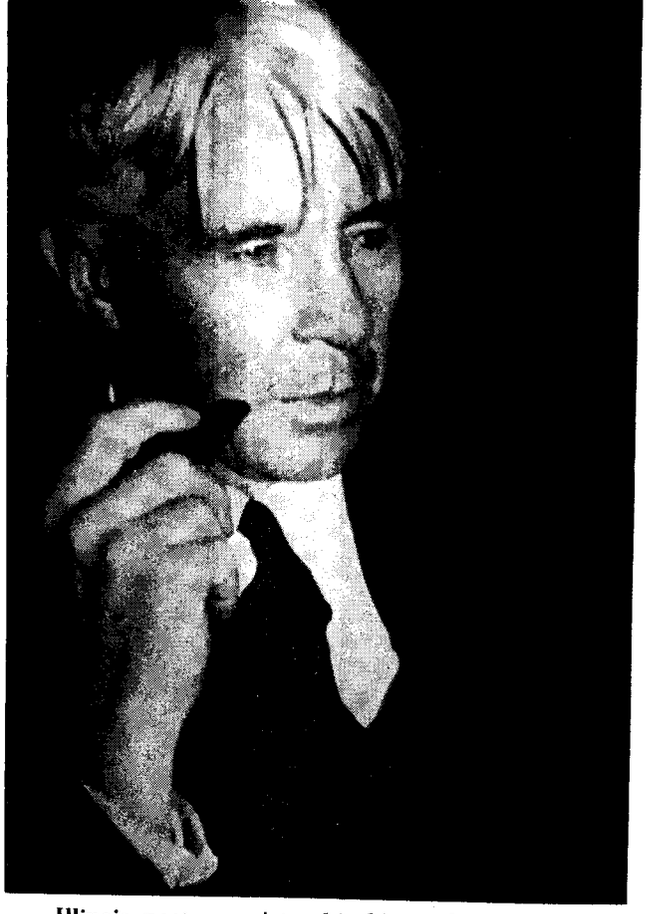
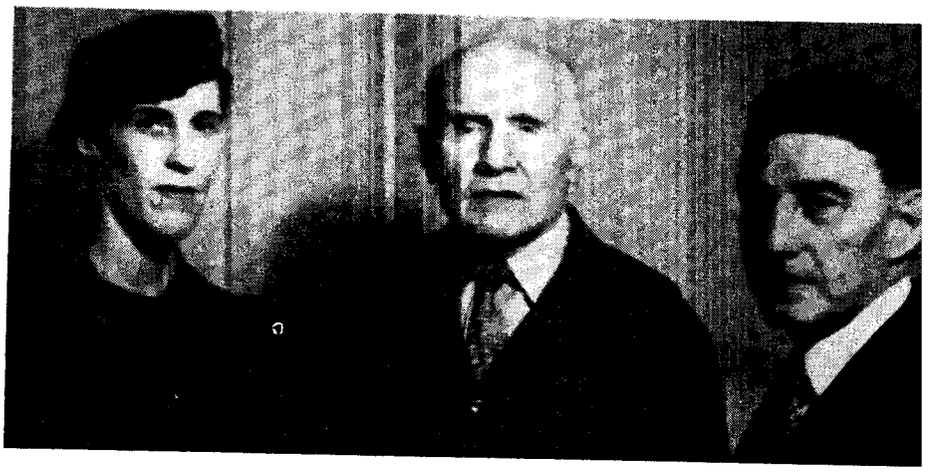
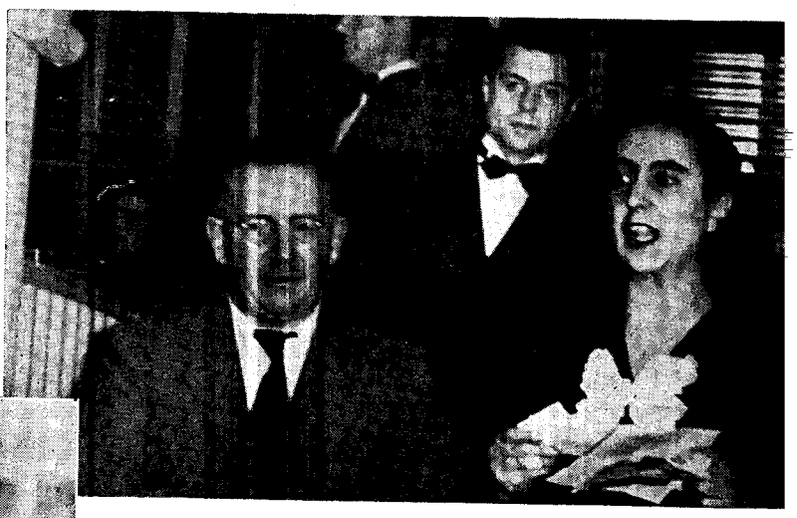


Illinois poet completes his biography of the great Illinois lawyer: Carl Sandburg (above) whose "Abraham Lincoln: The War Years" has just been published (see page 3). . . . (Below) Kurt Steel, author of "Crooked Shadow," decorates his daughter's room.

Here for a lecture tour: Philip Guedalla (above), author of "The Hundredth Year." . . . (Below) at a musical party for Catherine Drinker Bowen's "Free Artist: The Story of the Rubinsteins"—Mrs. Bowen, Walter Damrosch, Joseph Lhevinne.





Ralph Bates and Constantia de la Mora, author of "In Place of Splendor," at a League of American Writers party for Spanish refugee writers. . . . (Below) Bronx folklorist Arthur Kober, author of "Pardon Me for Pointing."

Henry F. Pringle (above) with the typewriter that produced the 1100 pages of "The Life and Times of William Howard Taft." . . . (Left) Robert O. Ballou, editor of "The Bible of the World."

(News pictures by Robert Disraeli)

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"Endless River"

(Felix Riesenberg, 1879-1939)

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

BLESSED old Felix has, in his own pnrase, cast off on Endless River. He was certainly the best loved man in the Three Hours for Lunch Club. The importance of that sodality, as will and idea, goes far beyond its actual membership; therefore I will not apologize for hoisting in Felix's honor the kind of language he would relish and understand. Surely in a man's obit one may talk his own tongue. One of many exciting things about Felix Riesenberg was how instantly the right kind of people recognized his quality—the incorruptible, the humorous, the hard-working, the odd. He was as amiably unspecified as anyone in the poems of Edward Lear. To see him quarter-decking down the pavement on the rubbery balls of those outward-canting feet, wearing that bottle-green surtout from Hamburg and the incredible tweed topgallant, his bright eyes looking inward upon some fantastic pragmatic scheme, was to see life's most endearing triumph—the intrepid idealist who has forgotten the first of the month. And more than likely it was the first of last month.

I regard it as ominous that the two most remarkable men I have known killed themselves by overwork. Perhaps there is no other death worth dying.

Felix wrote me last summer, after he had performed what he called "the clubhauling of the *Diomede*" (a famous and dangerous nautical exploit on a lee shore, where you gain your offing by sacrificing an anchor and cable). "If my tide has turned I may yet enjoy a few years of peace." It would have been worthy for us all if he had, and yet somehow Felix was at his best with breakers almost underfoot. He had made preparation for peace. A year ago he spread a full suit of whiskers in the old maritime tradition of shipmasters' dignity. Suddenly, with that Herman Melville rig he became an old man infinitely wise. He had run his easting down and doubled Cape Stiff.

If Felix had to go I am almost glad he slipped his cable before the defilement of clean seawater and the torture of decent ships grows any filthier. At the end of his last and greatest book, *Cape Horn,* there is a beautiful Valhalla fancy in which the seamen of all ages who have known that iron hypotenuse talk it over together. And these were Felix's last considered words for print:—

"Eight bells are striking in the final hour of time. Everything that ever was or will be has come to its end . . . the bickering scum of the earth has perished; only memories of nobility and suffering, and of faith, survive, world without end. Amen."

What an extraordinary fortune for the world of print, when such a man —the least likely or sophisticated to do so—took to putting his thoughts on paper. For something like twenty years I have been proud to suggest from time to time that in gravity and in humor and in quite unconscious skill no writer in our time has surpassed the virile coefficient of Riesenberg's brief sketches. In fiction he

Felix Riesenberg

was powerful but uncertain, but in the Rough Log which he wrote weekly through sixteen years for the *Nautical Gazette* (and reprinted in several full-rigged volumes) he lavished the extraordinary richness of man's unashamed experience. He said once that the shrewdest way to hide a secret was to put it in print and make it available. Suppose his queer soliloquy *Endless River* had been written by someone with a reputation in Bloomsbury or Greenwich Village, what an uproar it might have caused. Santayana would have recognized it.

It was magnificent how Felix went out of his way to attack the toughest things. He went to sea in the focsle in his teens in the ship *A. J. Fuller.* She was a holy memory to him; hardships were transformed in his alembic mind; he loved to quote his shipmate Frenchy who spoke of the cockroaches in the hash, "They're no worse nor shrimps." In his remarkable autobiography *Living Again,* which was too savagely cut by timid editors, you can trace his fantastic career. He was navigator of the Wellman dirigible which made the first attempt to con the North Pole from the air—and was blown after only four hours aloft into a glacier gully in Spitzbergen. Like everything else that ever happened to Felix, the failure of that expedition was more valuable than its success could have been. He spent nine months in a hut in Spitzbergen alone with two simple Norsemen and nothing to read but a few New York newspapers. He memorized them and drew his own conclusions as to the value of our sophistication. Now and then in talk or print he has given noble testimony of the value of that honeymoon with solitude. And to the end he deplored that he never was able to find the bottle of fifty-year-old whiskey which Wellman had left as the ultimate ration in case of despair. It was wrapped up in such a way that he thought it a spare flagon of ink.

He went to Columbia University and took a degree in engineering. He became a building inspector in New York City. (This gave him entry to such paradoxes of municipality as are outlined with Walt Whitman fervor in an incredible outburst of gallant raving in *East Side, West Side.* Except that Felix knew what he was talking about and Walt only guessed.) He was fired from an engineering job in Queens because he tried to cut down overhead. He helped drive the Croton Tunnel four hundred feet under the granite spine of Manhattan. Every drink of good New York City water we take has some of Felix behind it. He was engineer in charge of construction at the great Presbyterian Medical Center. He was some sort of ranking engineer at one time for Columbia University and always promised to show me certain underground tunnels which subreticulate that campus unguessed even by John Dewey or Irwin Edman. I am inclined to think that he knew a great many underground communications professional litterateurs never suspect.

An example of his instantaneous conversions of Life and Art: as a young husband and father, severely beset by the necessities, he was sleeping late when awaked by a mischievous small boy climbing out of the crib and leaping upon him. But instead of losing his temper he noticed the angle of the child's leg as it surmounted the crib rail and used it as a model for a compound lever to compress the sac of a fountain pen. This was worth fifteen thousand dollars to Felix and every time you fill your

(*Continued on page* 26)

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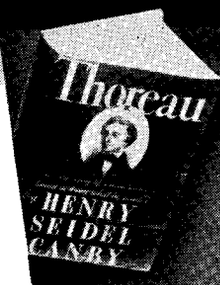

THOREAU

By HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

"Everybody is saying with emphasis that this is the definitive biography of the great New England writer, naturalist, pencil-maker and eccentric. Everybody is proclaiming the pretty obvious fact that here is undoubtedly the next Pulitzer prize biography. Everybody is saying that the book is soundly scholarly without being arid, of first quality in conception and style. Let me tell you something else about it, which you might not guess from these serious eulogists — the book is simply enchanting, as delightful reading as ever you found between covers. . . . In the Canby biography Thoreau comes alive, boy and man, oddity and genius, narrowly and straitly a New Englander, broadly and universally a man, touching, pitiable, majestic, symbol and distillation of humanity, as we have never seen him before."— *Dorothy Canfield Fisher.*

Illustrated, $3.75

INCREDIBLE ERA

THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WARREN GAMALIEL HARDING

By SAMUEL HOPKINS ADAMS

The story of the President who couldn't say No, set against the lurid background of our great Speakeasy Age. "Sagacious, illuminating, completely engrossing."— *Alexander Woollcott.* "Mr. Adams's biography is well-named, for the racy and true story which he has to tell possesses elements of complete incredibility. . . . The author has a gift for entertaining narrative, and one episode follows another like the successive scenes in a drama of deterioration."— *Claude M. Fuess in the Atlantic Monthly.*

Illustrated, $3.00

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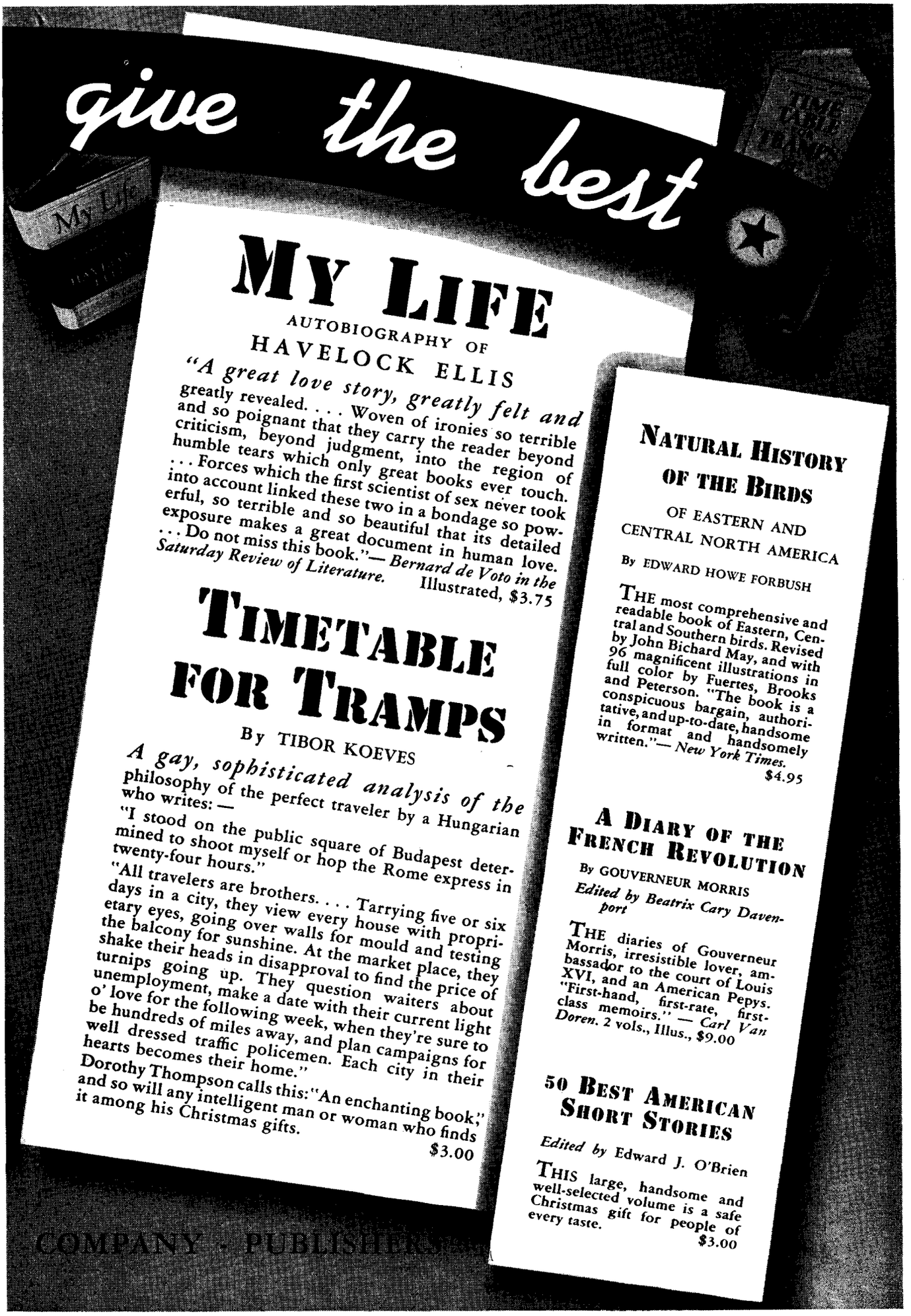
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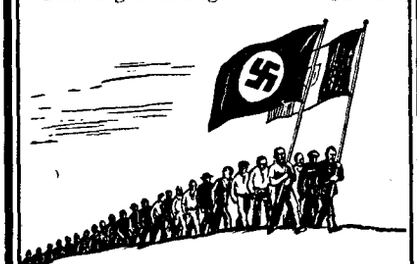

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Abe Lincoln in Washington

(*Continued from page* 4)

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And who is this Lincoln who emerges? As we have said, it is basically the familiar Lincoln—the Lincoln slow to smite and swift to spare, the Lincoln who was one of the greatest leaders of men ever born, the Lincoln who, men knew instinctively on April 15, 1865, belonged to the ages. There are no great changes of estimate here such as Beveridge gave us in treating a younger Lincoln. The portrait is critical; it shows Lincoln in undress as well as full dress, in foible and error as well as in strength. He frequently stumbled, and in some of his interferences with military affairs he blundered with tragic results. He had phases of benumbing self-uncertainty. It is actually a question whether, if he had possessed a more dynamic quality, a greater energy, decision, and grasp in the first two years of the war—if he had been gifted with some of that talent of driving efficiency which his admirer Lloyd George showed in the World War—he might not have ended the conflict sooner. More than once, as in his letter to Grant after Vicksburg, he admitted himself wrong. Mr. Sandburg gives us a record of his hesitancies, his prejudices, and his lapses into opportunism. He shows us the familiar scene of Lincoln buying Senatorial votes for the admission of Nevada by distributing juicy political plums through Charles A. Dana; Lincoln unfair to certain commanders and politicians. He dwells with real insight on a fundamental perplexity of the war which sometimes baffled Lincoln. "Nailed with facts of inevitable fate was his leadership. The gesture of stretching forth his hand and be-

(*Continued on page* 22)

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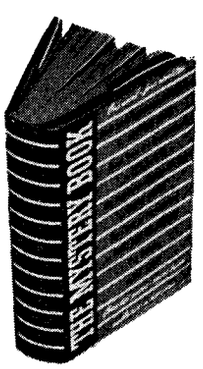

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Abe Lincoln in Washington

(Continued from page 20)

stowing freedom on chattel slaves while attempting to enforce his will by the violence of the armies subjugating the masters of slaves on their home soil, the act of trying to hold a just balance between the opposed currents of freedom and authority, raised up a riddle that gnawed in his thoughts." It was frequently impossible to walk that line between liberty and coercion without deviation, to reconcile high intentions with weapons of brutal power.

If there is anything novel in the portraiture of Lincoln it rises automatically from the mass of classified fact, for Mr. Sandburg attempts no analysis. The final impression emphasizes three particular qualities which sometimes interacted harmoniously in Lincoln's personality, sometimes clashed and jangled in him: his tenderness of heart; the shrewd thrust and grasp of his mind; and his moderation (or in political terms, conservatism) of temper. Men who are kind and idealistic are not rare; but men who combine, as he did, kindness or compassion with a keen practical sagacity which gives it direction and holds it within bounds are few indeed. Story after story, episode after episode in Sandburg's pages, show a Lincoln magnanimous indeed, but hard-headed, keen-witted, and farsighted—quick to pierce to the motives of selfish man, quick to see that what might appear the most generous course (an early emancipation of the slaves, for example) would really be a blundering and damaging act. What gives the later photographs of Lincoln their chief appeal is the combination of tenderness and sagacity in his homely countenance. It is equally this combination which gives act after act of the man its magic in our imaginations. And from beginning to end, Lincoln had an instinct for compromise, a dislike of fanatical extremes of opinion and of headlong, intemperate policies, which was in the great Anglo-Saxon tradition of government. In his party, he walked a median path between Radical Republicans and Conservative Republicans. In managing the government, he was almost equally offended by Abolitionist and Disloyalist, by Wendell Phillips and Vallandigham. His central aim as regarded the prosecution of the war was always to bring the strong median body of American sentiment along with him. In facing the consequences of the war, he shrank from the revolutionary changes that seemed certain to engulf the South and likely to transform the North. He wanted the alterations which sprang from the conflict, whether social, economic, or political, to be gradual and moderate.

This moderation, based in his mind on a permanent principle of human nature, and amounting in his later years to a genuine philosophy, was allied with his kindness of heart and sagacity of mind. He did not resent being called a political conservative. He had some prevision of the awful turmoil that actually attended Reconstruction; he wished to save the South and North alike from those calamities into which radicalism and fanaticism were hurrying it. It was not the Emancipation Proclamation that was the greatest event of Lincoln's Administration. He himself would have placed no such valuation upon it. The vital core of his policy is shown rather in his repeated appeals to the Southern people to help him reconstruct the Union upon a basis of equality among the States, of restoration of the old fraternal spirit, and of removal of the root of conflict by a gradual and well-compensated emancipation. He never tired of that appeal. Refusing to address one word of attack or reproach to the Southern people, he repeated his plea again and again. When the Union armies were within a few weeks of their final victory, he asked the Cabinet to join him in laying before the country an appeal for peace conjoined with an offer of $400,000,000 to the Southerners for emancipation. His conservatism and magnanimity were the most precious assets the government possessed, and their extinction by Booth's mad act was the most terrible disaster of the war to the South.

Mr. Sandburg has written one of the greatest of American biographies. It has its faults—some of them the defects of its virtues. Pouring as he does with unstinting hand, he sometimes heaps fact upon fact, example upon example, to an unnecessary and otiose total. His illustrations of the burden which the political office-seekers placed upon Lincoln, for example, are piled up, in not one chapter but several, at wearisome length. At not a few places he would have done well to sow by the hand rather than the bag. The total lack of documentation is another defect. Finally, the huge book is deficient in emphasis. It is often difficult to distinguish important events and phases from the unimportant. But in view of the great and varied merits of the work, these criticisms are of little importance. It is not merely a biography; it is a magnificent piece of history, an epic story of the most stirring period of national life, and a narrative which for decades will hearten all believers in the stability of democracy and the potentialities of democratic leadership.

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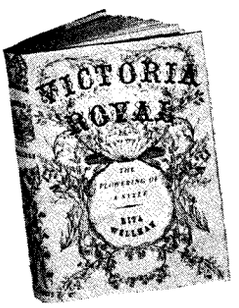

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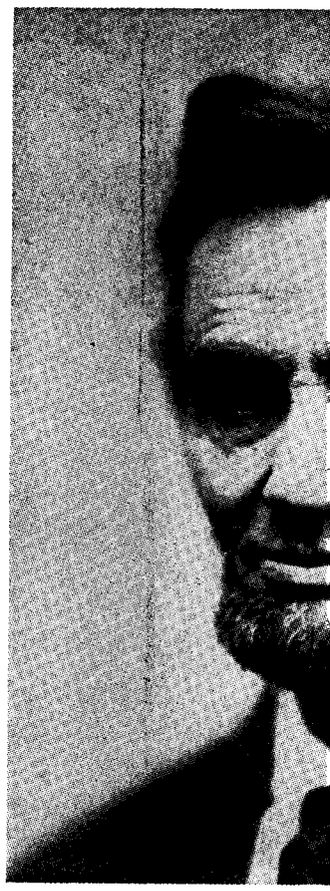

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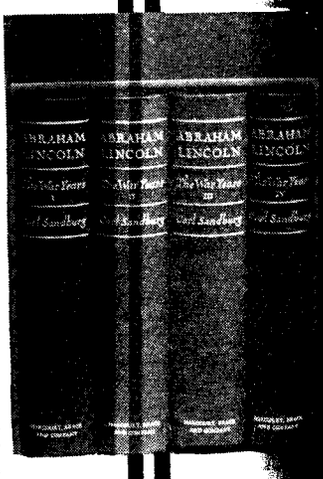

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"Endless River"

(*Continued from page* 17)

automatic fountain pen some of his words would do no harm to the ink.

And I could go on, with his discovery of the ship *Tusitala,* his humorous improvisations which were the joy of the Three Hours for Lunch Club, such as the automatic olive-stuffer, the competitive tests for good breeding, and the noble meetings held aboard the school-ship *Newport* when he was her commander—I wish it were possible to recall his soliloquy on the Backside of Liberty when his beautiful barkentine (the navy of New York State) was moored abaft Bedloe's Island and we looked up from her scrubbed deck at the trudging, brazen buttocks of the Statue. Liberty has her rearward elevation too.

Among his endearing boyish simplicities was a kind of shame-faced belief in the ancient Parsee who had once told his fortune out East. This faquir had assured him a blue-eyed wife, four children, eighty years, and great wealth. Of these he got 50 per cent and I don't need to tell you which they were. Anyone who knew and loved him would have guessed that the other two were unlikely. There was some vibration in his wave-length which made merely financial good fortune quite impossible. It would not surprise me at all if the Martin motor, a new and brilliant form of internal combustion, should eventually create large profits for someone; and the same with other of his notable causes; but Felix himself was too integral a dreamer ever to cash in. Where he drew dividends greater than he ever guessed was in the love and respect of his friends. When the infection of laughter came upon him it was delicious to see: he would rock in agony from one solid ham to the other, bereft of speech in the annihilating onset of the world's absurdity. Where dignity and devotion most became him were aboard his own ship. Like his shipmaster father he was always perhaps a little bewildered by the complex trickery of life ashore. His stout volume, *Log of the Sea,* which gathers together the most and best of his deep water memories, is a kind of Decline and Fall of the Canvas Empire. That book, and *Under Sail* (which good judges have compared to Dana) have reserve buoyancy. It was interesting to see no less a shipmaster than Joseph Conrad instantly retaliate Riesenberg's sea knowledge. When Conrad was over here, an old, ill man more than a little weary of publisners' conversation, Riesenberg offered to up hook in the *Newport* and take him back to England under sail. It was impossible for Conrad to accept; he was condemned by good manners (one of his gods) to return in a kind of country club shaped like a ship, but the look in that crystalline Slavic eye and tone of that guttural showed what it would have meant. How perfect it would have been if J. C., who had come westward with David Bone, could have run his easting with Felix under sail.

It is a queer thing about a writer when he dies. If you honored him every word becomes classic. There was never a writer less literary in temperament than Felix. He was of the Defoes and Jules Vernes and Sam Clemenses, a testifier by brute accident and pressure. His sheer lack of conscious technique makes him irresistible. Put him under a sudden gust of emotion and watch his penmanship. Read his description in *Cape Horn* of the *Texan* taking shelter in a night of snow when the Straits of Magellan were impassable. At his cleverest or clumsiest I would not have a word altered in any of his writing for every word had his own comic and beloved virtue. Like the *Texan,* one of the many ships he loved, he has made safe anchorage "in the core of Desolation Island."

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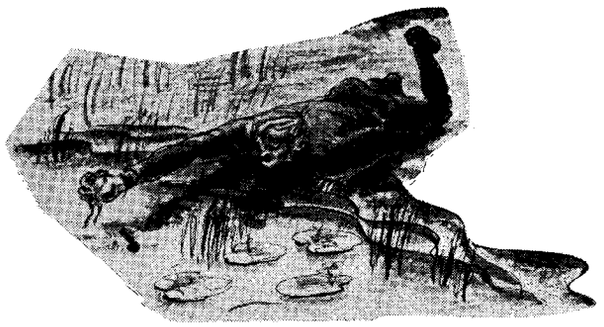

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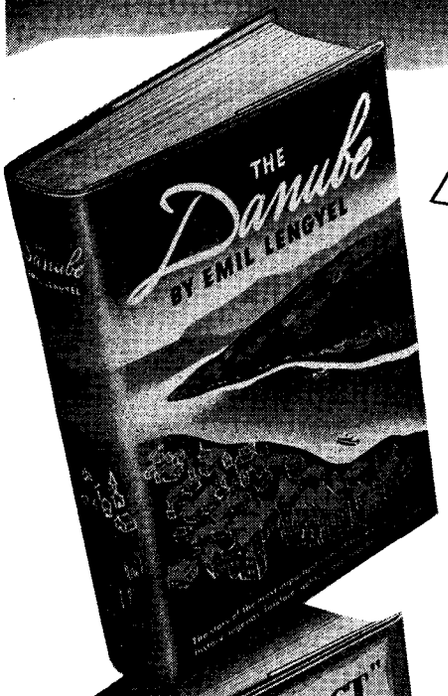

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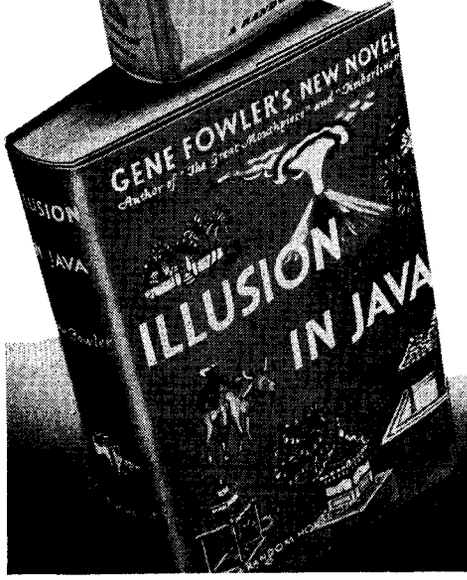

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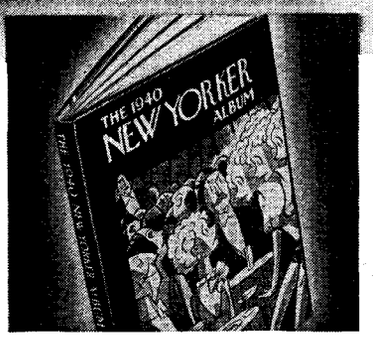

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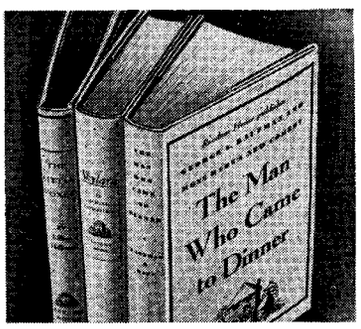

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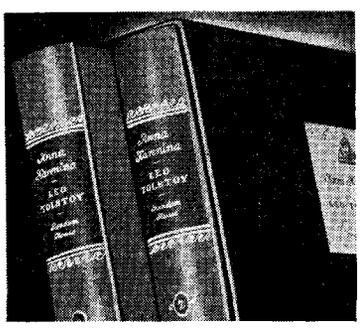

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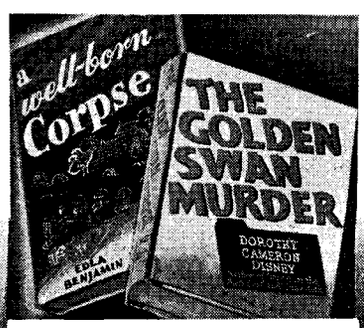

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(*Continued from page* 11)

though both Thurber and White will argue that the only reason for this was that half its purchasers thought they were buying a serious treatise and got fooled, the fact remains that it was and still is a hilarious piece of writing, amusing not only for the way it pinked a pretention of the moment but also for its own sake.

In a general way, the literary reputations of both its authors began with that book. It marked the beginning of Thurber's career as a humorous artist as well. At college, he had contributed almost as many drawings as writings to the college paper, the *Sun Dial,* but he had long ago given that kind of thing up.

Ever since then, however, he had remained an inveterate phone-pad scribbler and scratch-paper embellisher, drawing odd little figures and discarding them whenever he found a pencil in his hand. It was natural, then, that in the intervals of working on "Is Sex Necessary?" he should have covered innumerable sheets of typewriter paper with his characteristically scrawled drawings, their subjects more or less in line with the text he was thinking about. White happened to glance at some of them, and started to hunt for others. He found some on the floor and more in the wastebasket, induced Thurber to draw some others; without saying much more to his partner about the matter, he brought the collection along to Harper's offices when they were ready to deliver the manuscript.

They handed that over; then White brought forth the sheaf of drawings, hastily smoothed out and captioned. "And here," he said, "are the illustrations." This was a new one on the editors of Harper's; they looked at the drawings, at the yawp-faced and queer protoplasmic figures portrayed therein, and (this, it must be remembered, was in a pre-Thurber era) looked at White again.

"You mean the rough sketches for the illustrations?" one of them ventured.

White, who is normally one of the most retiring persons on earth, can be completely uncompromising on occasion. "I mean the illustrations," he said. And as Thurber says now, "They *were* the illustrations, too. White made sure of that. I'd never have dared to suggest it."

Since then, of course, Thurber's drawings have brought him, if anything, a wider fame than his writings. This, somehow, distresses him. Two years ago, while he was on a trip abroad, one of the London galleries arranged a show of his drawings. It was an unqualified success; the notices were uniformly enthusiastic, and of the twenty-odd sketches on view everyone was sold, at prices ranging upwards from twenty guineas apiece. The whole thing was spoiled for Thurber, however, by a remark a lady made to him during a reception the gallery held in his honor.

Someone to whom both were talking mentioned one of his books—"The Owl in the Attic," perhaps, or "My Life and Hard Times"—on which the lady turned to him in complete if admiring surprise. "Oh, you write too, then?" she exclaimed. Thurber retired to the Riviera for six months to brood over that. The truth is he regards himself primarily as a writer, and is at once a little jealous of the Artist-Thurber and suspicious of anyone who admires the one in preference to the other.

One reason, I think, for this is that drawing "comes easily" to him. He spent a long time building up his skill as a writer, and he still slaves over his work, correcting, rephrasing, often writing dozens of pages to produce one of finished copy. His sketches, on the other hand, are things he thinks of as merely scribbled off. Still in essence the same scratch-pad scrawler of earlier years, he never corrects a drawing, never changes one; if a first attempt doesn't satisfy him he simply throws it away and does another, and though this may result in his having done a dozen or

(*Continued on page* 30)

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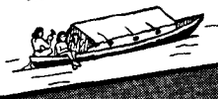

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(*Continued from page 28*)

so versions of one drawing before he's satisfied, and have used up as much time and effort as he'd have spent on a piece of writing, the fact remains that the final sketch only took a couple of minutes to do and so ranks as an inconsiderable effort in his mind.

Another reason—though it's also an explanation of the eerie fascination his drawings have — hinges on this same fact. There's a kind of automatism about his drawings. Unlike most humorous artists, he rarely starts with an idea and does an illustration for it: he simply draws and draws until something happens. The story of how his most famous one happened to be done is a case in point. He had done a sketch for the *New Yorker*, of a seal on a rock staring at some dots in the distance. The caption was, "Hm. Explorers." The *New Yorker*, after some deliberation, decided it wanted the drawing, but by the time it arrived at that decision the drawing itself had been lost. Thurber, obligingly, started to do another one.

He drew the seal and began on the rock. But midway of the process the rock began to look more like the head of a bed; he finished the bed, put a man and his wife in it, the wife reared up from the pillow, jabbering, the man just looking tired. From somewhere in his mind came the line, "All right, have it your way — you heard a seal bark!" Thurber cites all this as proof of how capricious and accidental and precariously inspired his drawings are. But this is the kind of accident that psychologists ponder over: the fact is that in the best of his sketches Thurber has found a medium for a sort of just-above-the-subconscious fantasy that could hardly be expressed in any other way: how else, other than in the figure of that calm, impossible seal, could you so subtly convey the desire of a man to be right, just once, in a nocturnal marital dispute?

Married in 1922 to Althea Adams, a Columbus girl, Thurber was divorced from her in 1934, and married to his present wife, the former Helen Wismer, the following year. By that time he had worked his way down off the staff of the *New Yorker* completely (though he's still, of course, a mainstay of the magazine as a contributor), and since then, what with trips here and there—to Bermuda, to England and France, to our own Hollywood—and a series of winters spent in Connecticut, he and his wife have managed to be in New York only a very small part of the time. They don't own a place in the country, though they're always meaning to buy or build one some day; what they do is rent places, and why they pick the winter for their country sojourns, instead of the summer, is something of a mystery. Certainly Thurber, who is no great shakes mechanically, is as ill-fitted for coping with strange furnaces or tinkering with tire-chains as any man in Fairfield County, which is where they usually find themselves. It may be it's simply a system they got started on, the way Thurber some years ago got to getting up nights and sleeping days, and they haven't been able to change schedules yet.

Whatever the season, they do like the country, though it's probably as well that they haven't yet bought a place and settled down. There's still a good deal of the foot-loose about Thurber—about both of them, for that matter. Thurber works at all hours and more or less anywhere, and they both hate to see their futures too far before them. When they went abroad it was supposedly for a three months' visit, but they stayed a year and a half. The idea of a trip to Bermuda came to them just after they'd leased an apartment in the city; they sailed instantly, of course, and stayed six months, punctually sending back checks every month for the unused apartment.

Their Hollywood trip was made last summer and again they affronted tradition, for it wasn't to work in the movies that Thurber went there, but to work on a play. This was a long-planned collaboration between himself and Elliott Nugent, author of "The Poor Nut" and an old boyhood friend; and in spite of the tempting palms, the swimming pools, and the other glamorous what-nots of Hollywood (all of which the Thurbers passionately hated), the play got written. Called "The Male Animal," it has already had a highly successful try-out run on the coast, and now seems definitely headed for Broadway production this winter. In addition, two books, one called "Fables for Our Times" and the other a series of drawings called "The Last Flower" are scheduled for late fall publication —and the whole, at the end, gives this chatty little chronicle something of the air of a holding company's annual statement. If to the Artist-Thurber and the Humorist-Thurber a third one, a Playwright-Thurber, is to be added—well, it seems that, for the protection of us all, a merger is surely in order.

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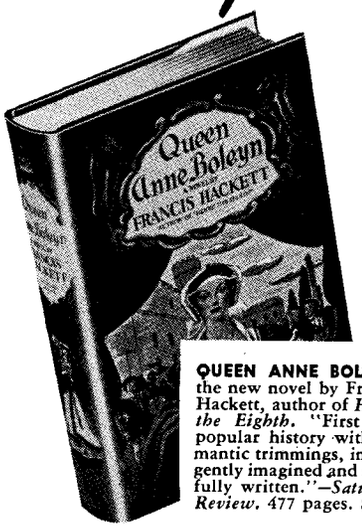

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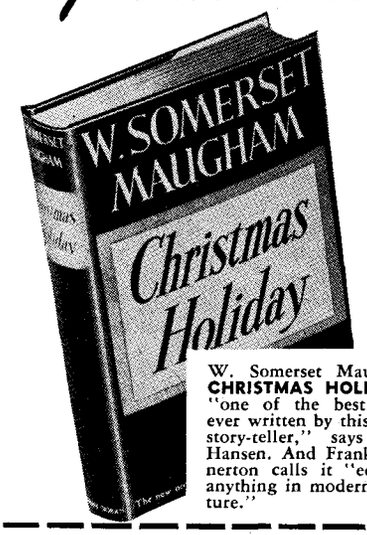

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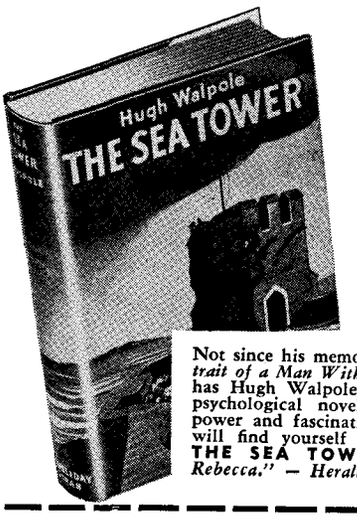

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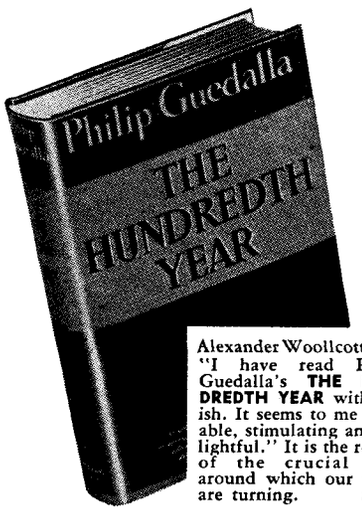

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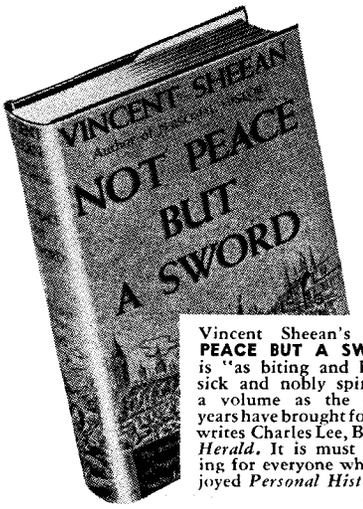

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Writing on the Wall

ENGLAND'S MONEY LORDS. By Simon Haxey. New York: Harrison-Hilton Books. 1939. 263 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by GEORGE CATLIN

THE thesis of this book is that "the Conservative Party is the political party of the very wealthy." It retains its hold by a popular vote which it well knows how to produce from the British electorate; but it uses that hold to pack the House of Commons with rich men and their kin. The titled Conservatives and their near relatives, here called "the Cousinhood," hold nearly half the Conservative seats in the House of Commons and rather less than half of the Cabinet posts. The Duke of Devonshire alone, Under-Secretary for Dominions, has six close kinsmen in the Commons. Mr. Haxey calls our attention, as to a rare bird, to Sir Walter Womersley, as "the only Tory working man in Parliament." (I seem to recall Minister of Labor, "Corporal" Ernest Brown.) Mr. Haxey's argument, however, it should be noted, is not that the rich cousins of the feudal lords are in the House because these lords are titled, but that these lords are titled because their cousins are rich. Title is now a symbol of money-power.

At the turn of the last century muckraking was a pursuit favored by Radicals in Britain, especially at the expense of the peerage. Mr. Lloyd George was Muckraker No. One. That the great family of the Duke of Northumberland were not indeed Percies but Smithsons (as the Smithsonian Institute recalls) and the dubious origin of families sprung from Charles's mistresses, bearing arms with motto *Amor,* were facts seized on with especial delight.

There is a risk of making wrong deductions by the use of this technique. Mr. Harold Macmillan, M.P., figures top on Mr. Haxey's list of the kinsmen of clan Cavendish. It so happens, however, that Mr. Macmillan, in reviewing a book of this writer's, was able to point out that he was far more optimistic about Russia and its future policy than myself. It is irrelevant that, on the subsequent record, I happened to be right. The significant thing is that Mr. Macmillan was more Russophil than a Laborite writer. This is not, of course, to say that, in these days of political theologies, the pressure to square every writing and statement with the party line is not immense.

It may also be questioned whether Mr. Haxey does not do a more important work by bringing out the significance of personal relations in their bearings on the retention of power than in his more purely economic thesis. (Incidentally, he omits analysis of the fortunes and influence of certainly exceedingly wealthy capitalists of the extreme Left—there are such). I recall a comment of Signor Mussolini's: "The economic interpretation of history, it is not true. I was brought up as a Marxist. But let me illustrate. Signor Eden he dislikes me. And I—I dislike him. That is all there is to it. It is not the economic interpretation of history." There is no known method in political science of preventing politicians having "buddies."

With these reservations, Mr. Haxey has produced a book, not only honest and opportune, but valuable. As one surveys history one notes that, the grander the titles, not the more the wealth but the greater the inequalities of wealth. Over against the princely Radziwills, recently assassinated, stands Polish poverty. Over against the Marquesses of Londonderry, not in fact bad landlords, stand the unemployed Durham miners. It is a system that encourages diffidence, not confidence, in the common man. As a certain peer, Francis Bacon, Viscount Verulam, remarked: m o n e y, like muck, is best when spread. There is a legitimate style of snobbery of wealth as of ability, certainly not absent in Russia. There is much in a tradition of values. But the style described by Mr. Haxey—of peers equal among themselves alone and of wealth that does not know how to spend with philanthropy—is assuredly due for liquidation. It is unhealthy and near to the central sore of British lower-middle-class snobbery and cheap values. Whether it will be liquidated by some version of the American democratic route or by the Nazi-Bolshevik route (potent combination unanticipated by Mr. Haxey) we do not yet know. It is not clear that such persons as Mr. Duff Cooper (high on Mr. Haxey's list) recognize that the issue exists, from which only the most living sense of public duty and revitalization by ability can extricate this aristocracy. Nevertheless, the issue is present and the writing on the wall. Not even fascism can or will save it. That is delusion. It is the Cecils and Halifaxes, men of sincere public devotion—such as the Germans see as the source of British power in the "Gentlemantypus"—who a l o n e can save their order by transforming it from the level of ex-robbers of monastic estates, due to be robbed by men tougher than themselves. Perhaps we should also add the most famous "cousin" of all, the Duke of Marlborough's Mr. Winston Churchill.

George Catlin is a British economist who was formerly on the faculty of Cornell University.

Cover Design

The photograph on the cover of this issue by Robert Disraeli, shows a section of Walden Pond in winter.

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The Saturday Review's Guide to the Season's Books for Children

Title and Author	*Age and Sex*	*What It's About*	*Our Opinion*
HOO! HOO! DE WITT! *Frances Dunscombe and Jean Lamont* (Holt: $1.25)	3-6 Both	A baby owl decides he will go out in the daytime and play with the woods animals. Mother owl comes to the rescue, in story that points a familiar moral.	Nicely written and illustrated
MIKE THE CAT *Creighton Peet* (Holt: $1.25)	Cat lovers from 3 up	Candid camera shots of a cat that thinks perhaps it's a tiger, and pretends the house is a jungle. Beautiful pictures, with adequate text.	Charming
WU AND LU AND LI *Evelyn Young* (Oxford: 75 cents)	Both 6-8	Three small Chinese children go to town to buy a toy. Charming small pictures of life in China.	Simple but pleasant
CATS FOR THE TOOSEYS *Mabel Guinnip La Rue* (Nelson: $1.)	6-8 Both	The trials of the Toosey family who suddenly acquired too many cats. Very fine pictures by Kurt Wiese.	Quite funny
MIKE MULLIGAN AND HIS STEAM SHOVEL *Virginia Lee Burton* (Houghton Mifflin: $1.50)	6-10 Boys	Mike Mulligan and his steam shovel, the faithful Mary Anne. Electric shovels and Diesel motors did Mary Anne out of a job until Mike found an unusual one. For the mechanically-minded child.	Modern and imaginative
THE LONELY DWARF *Rosemary Lamkey* (Holt: $1.)	7-10 Both	Grutchty, a lonely dwarf, and how his sad life is transformed. Grutchty cheers up. Pictures and story are by a talented fifteen-year-old who will bear watching.	Beautiful pictures
FARAWAY MEADOW *Thomas Handforth* (Doubleday: $2.)	8-15 Both	Ponies versus buffaloes in a high cool kingdom where there "lies a green meadow, smooth as a parlor rug." The heroine is a pony named Lalla who wears a blue bow in her hair. For the child that likes a fantastic form of humor.	Imaginative pictures and text
ST. GEORGE AND THE WITCHES *J. W. Dunne* (Holt: $2.)	8-15 Both	Spirited tale of how St. George, after he had slain its dragon and married the Princess, over came a plague of witches who invaded their realm. Lloyd Coe's illustrations delightful.	Outstanding
CHILDREN'S SCIENCE SERIES: *John F. Hausmann, Jr.* (Federal Writers' Project) (Whitman: 50¢ each)	9-12 Both	Series includes three volumes: "The Ladder of Clouds" (meteorology); "The Book of Stones;" "Snow, Glaciers, and Icebergs." Concise, interesting, inexpensive, and attractive.	Recommended
LITTLE LULU AND HER PALS *Marge* (McKay: 50 cents)	Children who like comics	Cartoons about the pranks of an *enfant terrible*, little Lulu. Children tear the pages of the *Saturday Evening Post* where this series appears. Good if you don't mind putting ideas in their heads.	Funny
WACKY, THE SMALL BOY *Fred Schwed, Jr.* (Simon & Schuster: $2.50)	Children and Adults	Stories about a bad little boy. Wacky is ingenious, human, and mischievous. True to life; amuses children and grown-ups.	Extremely funny
WINDJAMMER BOY *Roland Barker* (Winters: $2.)	Older Boys	Around the Horn in a grain ship. The story of an exciting voyage.	Authentic sea stuff
DIVE BOMBER *Ensign Robt. A. Winston, USN.* (Holliday House: $2.)	Older Boys	Exciting and informative story of the actual training and routine activities of a naval aviator.	Excellent narrative
WHAT DO YOU WANT TO BE? *George H. Waltz, Jr.* (Holt: $2.)	Boys 12-18	Choosing a career. An explanation in simple terms of various careers open to boys and what each has to offer.	Well-arranged, informative
SARANGA THE PYGMY *Attilio Gatti* (Scribner's: $2.)	Older Children Both	The life and hunting adventures of a jungle boy among the great and small beasts of Equatorial Africa.	Good but a trifle stodgy
LOST LAGOON *Armstrong Sperry* (Doubleday: $2.)	High school boys	Rousing adventures in the South Seas, including sharks, a typhoon and a few corpses.	Blood and thunder

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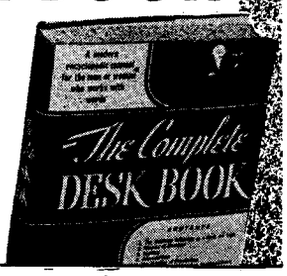

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Daniels of North Carolina

TAR HEEL EDITOR. By Josephus Daniels. Chapel Hill: University of North Carolina Press. 544 *pp., with index.* 1939. $3.50.

Reviewed by CHARLES McD. PUCKETTE

THE boy born in 1862 to the sound of guns of warring Northerners and Confederates in Washington, North Carolina, was to be Secretary of the Navy in the World War of 1914-1918, and Ambassador to Mexico when a second major European conflict began. In the extraordinary changes of his lifetime Josephus Daniels has played an active and not unimportant part in his state, his political party, and his country. This first of four projected volumes of his memoirs he devotes to his life in North Carolina until he went to a post in the Interior Department under President Cleveland in 1893. A second will cover the period from 1893, through the era of Bryanism, to his service in President Wilson's cabinet, beginning in 1912. A third book will be on Woodrow Wilson and his administration, and the last on Franklin Roosevelt and his chief magistracy.

This first book is intensely local. Those who may reasonably expect to get from Mr. Daniels some interesting information and perhaps some revelations concerning his close relations with the great Commoner and the War Cabinet must wait for what is to come. Here is only the local background of a picturesque and militant figure in the Democratic party. But in the early incidents which he tells so simply and artlessly, one senses the Jeffersonian (or Bryanistic, if you prefer) character of the man.

The reader cannot but feel, too, that here has been a man who, unlike so many in his region, has not wasted a moment in looking backward. Reconstruction was a black page, but the fight against it was won, and constructive victories lay ahead. Of all Southern states North Carolina has had the most interesting development since the Civil War. Mr. Daniels shared in that resurgence of spirit which put his state ahead of all others in his part of the country. In the popular struggles which led to his State's progress, he had a real part as a fearless and enlightened editor. He fought on the side of McIver and Alderman for schools and higher education, and helped lay the foundations of the tradition of academic freedom at the University of North Carolina.

Daniels believed in the freedom of the press, especially in freedom from entangling alliances or obligations. He fought railroad abuses, and he opposed vigorously the formation of the Tobacco Trust, into which the great North Carolina companies were absorbed. He stirred up the Agricultural Department, which was administered in classic dignity by some of the best local citizens and the editor's friends—further proof of his independence. He refused an attractive offer to go to Durham to serve as the well-paid editor of a newspaper backed by railroad capital.

These chapters form but a small part of Mr. Daniels's book. The general reader not interested in North Carolina affairs will find the local detail tedious, unless he goes on in sheer admiration of a memory which literally must hold in solution recollection of every person and incident of Mr. Daniels's early life. The book is an American document of life in a southern town and city in the last quarter of the nineteenth century. It is honest, straightforward, kindly. Mr. Daniels is not and has not been an intellectual liberal. But a genuine interest in the welfare of his fellow man, a warm sympathy, a desire to better conditions in the place and the world in which he lived, and courage made him a force for advancement. North Carolina should be grateful to Mr. Daniels for this story of a state on the march.

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Happy Farmers

FREE AND CLEAR. By Marguerite McIntire. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1939. 311 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by J. P. MARQUAND

IN a period of realistic, earthy farm fiction this novel by Mrs. Marguerite McIntire has the disarming quality which one associates with folk art. At first it is a little hard to believe in Mrs. McIntire's Maine farm and its characters, for her tale has much the same simplicity as that exhibited by the Franconia stories penned by the author of the Rollo books. Incredibly enough, nearly all the denizens of Mrs. McIntire's fictional countryside are decent, self-respecting people. There is no dirt or incest or desire under the elms. In fact, for the first half hour of reading, it seems too good to be true, and her pages impress one as visionary.

"Free and Clear" deals with the life of the Chadbournes, who dwell on the land cleared by Matthew Chadbourne's great-grandfather in the hill country of Maine. There, in the old farmhouse, lived Matthew, an honest gentleman, who loves the land and his life, and his wife Sarah, who is a good wife and a good cook. Their life consisted of a struggle to give their son and daughter, Lee and Sally, a proper education at the academy and at college, and at the same time to keep the farm free and clear of debt. They are faced by an unsympathetic younger generation, for both the children wish to leave the farm and both, selfishly blind to the fight which their parents are making, clamor for as many advantages as possible. Yet even so, the children are nice children. There is not much more to the story, except for the introduction of various friends and relatives. Most of the chapters deal with scenes such as evening at the country store, milking, logging, pickerel-fishing, and quilting parties.

It is only as the reader gets on with the book, that all these people, whether their prototypes exist or not, assume warmth and dignity. They become characters in a drama of Maine life as it ought to be and as one would like to believe it is. Mrs. McIntire has achieved this result by writing quietly and unpretentiously, without struggling overmuch with dialect, and without trying to enliven her pages with too many native eccentricities. Moreover, she has a love and understanding of the land of which she writes. "Free and Clear" is not exciting. It is probably not a penetrating study of anything, but if you want a pleasant story of the New England countryside it is most refreshing reading.

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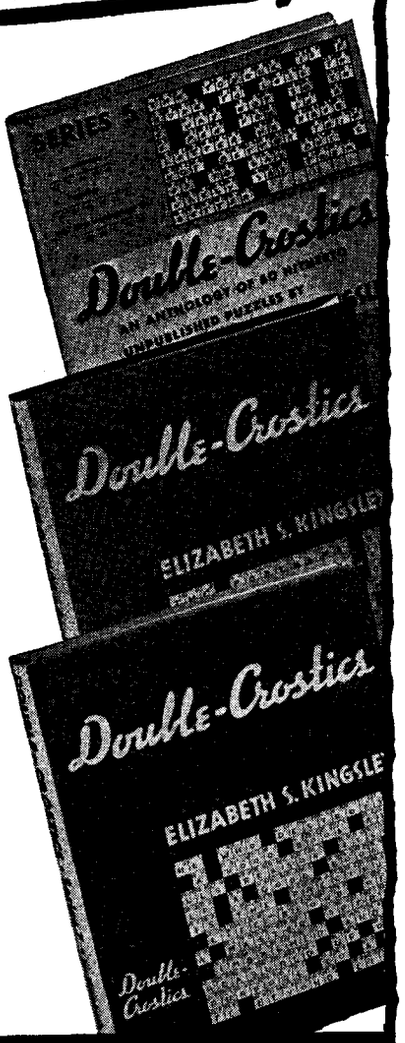

READERS of *The Saturday Review,* probably already a little tired of giving other people books for Christmas, will jump at this opportunity to hand themselves this Yuletide gift—the latest Double Crostics book by Elizabeth S. Kingsley. This book, the seventh in an ever popular series, contains fifty Double Crostics, none of which has ever appeared in the *Saturday Review,* or anywhere else for that matter.

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Marrow of the Puritans

THE NEW ENGLAND MIND: The Seventeenth Century. By Perry Miller. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1939. 528 pp., with index. $3.75.

Reviewed by WILLIAM HALLER

HERE at last, in terms intelligible today, is the marrow of Puritan divinity. It may not be milk for babes but it is certainly meat for strong men. The Puritans did not, of course, found New England merely to annoy. What they thought they were doing has, however, not grown easier for succeeding generations to understand. Adequate, convincing explanation has had to await a thorough, critical study of the literature, enormous in extent and now quite obsolete in its terms, in which the Puritans expressed themselves. Such a study Perry Miller has now provided. The result is a work of first importance. From now on anyone who proposes to tell us what the Puritan mind was like had better begin at this book.

The settlement of New England has sometimes been described as an attempt to found a Utopia on the law of Moses, to fasten theocracy on a people determined to be free Americans. That, obviously, is too simple a view of the matter. The dominant New England communities were established by men who, led by a highly organized intellectual caste, thought they knew exactly what they were about. Their leaders were not fanatics, or even sectarians, but English churchmen, university graduates, as well born, as well educated, and until shortly before their leaving England as well placed as others of their cloth. They belonged, true, to that increasingly influential and well organized reform party within the church which was called Puritan. This party had had three generations in which to grow in numbers and strength before it had to meet really serious repression at the hands of Charles I. Even then most of its members found safe cover, where they bided their time until 1640, and a considerable detachment of them got away to the New World. They came, of course, expecting to preserve the church and establish the city of God on earth, but this does not mean that they came with nothing in their heads but Deuteronomy and Calvin's "Institutes." Neither did they come bearing the particular assortment of tastes and ideas which later critics may wish them to have done. They were English academic intellectuals of the seventeenth century. They brought with them that Protestant humanistic culture which was the common possession of most educated Englishmen of the time. They brought the type of piety which such men derived through Calvin from Augustine. They brought also a knowledge of classical literature and a command of the traditional scholastic discipline. They brought, a fact of special importance, that dialectic which had been developed at Cambridge out of the logic, or the corruption of Aristotelian logic, which had been devised by Ramus. They were, finally, preachers and writers, trained and practised in the arts of public discourse as they understood them. Such were the men who were to launch the New England mind upon a course which certainly they did not foresee, but for which they must be given whatever of credit as well as of blame may be their due.

The New England mind was in the first instance their mind, and what Mr. Miller has done has been to set forth the system of ideas which he finds in the books they wrote. They believed that knowledge was impossible for man without divine assistance but that divine assistance, upon conditions, was by the grace of God not lacking. God revealed his will in the scriptures, where man could find and understand it, providing he used the proper means. That means was the infallible dialectic of which the Puritan preachers were the masters; the equally infallible technique for making truth known to the people was the rhetoric which was also part of their professional skill. It was the preachers' duty to instruct other men, rulers as well as ruled, in theirs, and theirs to do nothing but heed. If there was ever a society in which expert opinion and criticism were supposed to be supreme, it was Puritan New England. But anyone who would trace what resulted when this technology was vigorously applied to the Bible for a few generations must, as Mr. Miller observes, be prepared for paradox and irony. The theological technician in the pulpit, in order to hold his position in society, had to make the lessons he taught seem to the people intelligible, apposite, useful. The history of Puritan doctrine is, therefore, the history of the transformations which that doctrine underwent as it was preached under the unprecedented changing conditions of life in the New World.

Hence came the transformation of what to the modern mind seems the demoralizing fatalism of the doctrine of predestination into the invigorating assurance that every sinner had a chance to make a private contract with God, guaranteeing his salvation. Hence came the extension of this doctrine of covenant between God and man to support the conviction that the state also rests upon agreement, especially that political government in New England was a government of laws and not of men. The people learned that God's will was to be looked for in the Bible, but also, presently, that it might be found in other books and in fact in all creation. Then

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too, generally on the preachers' own prompting though sometimes in their despite and always to their ultimate confusion, the people began to discover all sorts of strange truths in the Bible and elsewhere without benefit of clergy. In such ways the Puritan mind, as we encounter it in William Perkins at the close of the sixteenth century, in William Ames and John Preston on the eve of the great migration, in John Cotton and Thomas Hooker in the early decades on this side of the water, had by the end of the seventeenth century transformed itself into the New England mind, into the beginnings, that is, of what we recognize as the American mind.

Mr. Miller has written a fascinating and indispensable book for all Americans who are interested in the genealogy of their own ideas.

William Haller is on the faculty of Barnard College.

Your Literary I. Q.

QUIZ NO. 5

By Howard Collins

TEN FAMOUS DOGS

The ten dogs that are briefly described below have left indelible pawprints on the pages of literature. How many of them do you remember? Allow 5 points if you can call the dog by name, and another 5 if you can recall the title of the book in which he appeared and its author. A score of 70 is par, 80 is good, 90 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 43.

1. This bull pup had a perfect fighting record until he was matched against a dog whose hind legs had been cut off by a circular saw.
2. Once, from a standing start, this dog pulled a 1,000-pound sled.
3. He chewed up the cook book, walked on the dining table, barked at company, and lived in a dog house that was shaped like a pagoda.
4. When his master returned after a long absence, this old dog was the first to recognize him, and died in the effort to reach him.
5. Scarred and ugly and old and gray, this huge mastiff faithfully loved his two friends.
6. This dog was just a ghost of his former self, and it took a long time for him to learn how to materialize completely.
7. He was a small, cottony dog, of majestic self-importance, and he smelled of violets.
8. A mustard-colored terrier owned by a Brooklyn bookshop proprietor.
9. During a terrific snowstorm, this sawed-off sheep dog strayed into the front yard of the 8-year-old son of an English rector.
10. This moose-hound was so frightened by a blizzard that he ran head-on into the North Pole, whirling high into the air, fell through 90 feet of ice, and was drowned.

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The Compleat Collector

BY CARL PURINGTON ROLLINS

This Anniversary Year

THE World of Tomorrow has had its great Fair, not without benefit of printing, but without rendering homage to the press. Now the world of yesterday may celebrate the achievements of the printing press in the five hundred years of its existence in the West. Indeed, by a slight effort it may well celebrate the art on a wider scale. It was soon after the year 1040 that Pi Sheng, a mundane celestial, invented the art of printing from movable clay characters. Allowing for certain fundamental differences in technique, the Chinese invention was almost precisely like the later European invention. Unlike the latter, however, it flourished and died, making no lasting contribution. When it ceased to be practised, even its memory was almost obliterated. There seems to be no connection whatever between printing in China and printing in Western Europe.

The invention of the art as we know it was brought about in the Rhine valley, that fecund ground for the development of craftsmanship in so many lines. Workers in metal, wood, stone, and other materials abounded in Southern Germany, and it was one of these craftsmen who first conceived the ingenious idea of casting individual letters in soft metal, and using them to produce multiple impressions on paper. The antecedent inventions —paper, ink, and press—were at hand: casting of small objects in lead and even in the precious metals, was well understood; and the first printer came of a family which had been associated with the minting of coins.

It was John Gutenberg, a citizen of Mainz, who is credited with the invention. Unfortunately the record of the earliest experiments is hazy and unsatisfactory, but by putting together what is known with what may legitimately be surmised, we are able to assume with some degree of accuracy that before the year 1439 Gutenberg was experimenting with the printing of books. In that year there is indisputable record of a lawsuit brought against him by the heirs of a former partner, who demanded an accounting of the partnership. Certain references in the evidence submitted seem to point to the fact that the partners were engaged in the making of a type mould.

The type mould was of the essence of the invention, for, as I have said, the casting of metal objects was well understood. But heretofore there had been no suitable casting-box in which innumerable duplicates of the object could be cast: and no way by which the cast object could be easily and quickly ejected by separating the two halves of the mould. The references in the lawsuit are to just such a casting-box. And from the later evidence that John Gutenberg did print books (though none exists in which his name is mentioned) we are sure that this lawsuit gives the first evidence of the new art.

What then, did Gutenberg print? Here evidence is not clear, and authorities differ, but to him has been ascribed the great Bible of 42 lines (to a page), a copy of which was found in the library of Cardinal Mazarin with the date—1455—when it was illuminated. A recent writer has brought forth the ingenious theory that this book was taken in hand to provide financial means for carrying on a much more elaborate task, a great Psalter, which appeared in 1457. This Psalter is in some ways the handsomest of all printed books, its initials in red and blue, printed in perfect register, being still a puzzle to students of printing. The Psalter was printed by John Fust and Peter Schoeffer, according to the colophon, or explanation, at the end. Fust was merely a financial backer of the printing office, but Schoeffer was a printer of great skill. He was one of Gutenberg's workmen, and his name is associated with several important early books produced at Mainz. But it is to Gutenberg that the invention is ascribed, and it is because of the fact that 1439 is the first certain date in the invention that we are now celebrating in 1939, the five hundredth anniversary of the invention of printing.

The Rhine valley was pretty nearly the center of the universe in 1439, but a hundred years later the universe had considerably expanded. In 1539 the Spanish conquerors had subdued the ancient Aztec empire, and were busy erecting an empire of the Cross and the Sword on the ruins. Mendoza was the Viceroy, and Zumarra was Bishop. Whatever the former may have thought of the printing press—and he doubtless preferred guns and horses—the Bishop was zealous to convert his new Mexican parishoners to the True Faith. He wanted a printing press, and he set about getting one. John Crumberger of Seville, the foremost printer in Spain at that time, was induced to set up an office in Mexico City, and to that end he furnished men and equipment. Less than twenty years after Cortez had fought the ghastly battle of the Noche Triste, in full retreat before Montezuma, there arrived in Mexico one John Pablos, his wife, a pressman, and a Negro slave, bringing with them the equipment for a printing office. The first work printed by them ("Breve y mas") has perished, as well as several succeeding issues, but in 1544 he issued for his patron, the Bishop, the "Doctrina Breve," a manual for the growing Church. It is the oldest Mexican book which is known, and only

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one copy, in the library of the Hispanic Society of America, still remains of the first edition of perhaps three hundred copies.

While the Spanish Bishop and his successors toiled to bring the Mexicans within the spiritual fold, English heretics had started to settle New England. A hundred years after Pablos set up his press in Mexico, Hugh Peters, minister of the Salem Church, wrote "Wee have a printery here [Cambridge] and thinke to goe to worke with some speciall things." This "printery" had come over in the summer of 1638—press, type, pressmen, and printer. The printer was Stephen Daye, but the original proprietor was the Rev. Jose Glover, a Non-conformist clergyman, who with his own means and the help of some other men, assembled the materials and engaged Daye and his companions. Glover died on the voyage (a three months' purgatory in those days), but his wife assumed the burden of the new enterprise, and the shop was set up in a house in Cambridge. The first fruits of the new press were a "Freeman's Oath," a small broadside, and an Almanac, both presumably printed in 1638, and now lost. In 1640 Daye (who was primarily a locksmith) issued the now famous "Whole Booke of Psalmes, Faithfully Translated into English Metre," known more familiarly as "The Bay Psalm Book." It was a crude but ambitious production, of which eleven copies are now extant. The list of Daye's subsequent publications is a somewhat doleful list—laws and sermons predominating. Amongst printers Daye's name is better known as the owner of the wooden hand press now in possession of the Vermont Historical Society and lately on exhibition in New York.

These three anniversaries, so important to the world of books, will have numerous celebrations. To bring about some correlation, the American Institute of Graphic Arts has appointed a committee with Mr. Will Ransom as Secretary (285 Madison Avenue, New York City). Already the Morgan Library has had an extraordinary exhibition of printed books, an extensive exposition of modern graphic arts processes was recently held in New York, and other events of lesser magnitude have been planned.

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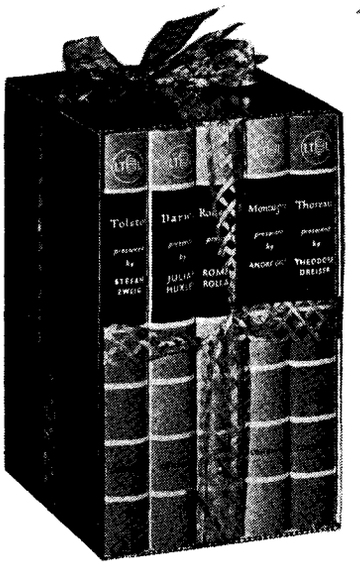

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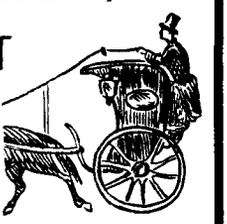
By Alonzo Clark Robinson



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The New Books

Biography

WHISTLER'S MOTHER: The Life of Anna McNeill Whistler. By Elizabeth Mumford. Little, Brown. 1939. 326 *pp.* $2.50.

This attempt to write an interesting book around a famous and fascinating portrait has failed partly because of bad literary method, partly because of the inherently uninteresting character of the biographical material itself. In the use of quotation marks the author leaves it uncertain when she is quoting diaries and letters and when she is merely putting words into the mouths of the Whistlers—a confusing and irritating procedure. As for Mrs. Whistler's letters and diaries, she simply had a genius for making interesting events seem uninteresting. The more she is quoted the duller the book becomes, and she is generously quoted. She was intensely pious and showed great fortitude in affliction and adversity, but it shouldn't take a couple of hundred pages to prove this. Her character as drawn by her own words leaves an impression of rigidness and unamiability. This book is written to prove the contrary—that she was a dear. Her husband's biographer, using the same materials, arrived at the conclusion that Mrs. Whistler was constantly difficult in her family, and more or less of a tartar. These contradictory views are both pure inferences, for which there is no direct evidence whatever. Your reviewer is inclined to take a middle position on an issue that has possibly ceased to matter. That is, not liking Mrs. Whistler himself, he sees she may have seemed likable to her intimates. As difficult a neighbor as Swinburne valued her friendship. There never was a book in this subject, and a discreet blue-penciling to the scale of a generous biographical essay might still produce a second edition far more acceptable than the first.

F. J. M., Jr.

CHARLES II: The Last Rally. By Hilaire Belloc. Harpers. 1939. 280 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

The fashion in biographies during the last twenty years has been to prove that all historical characters were really the opposite of what everyone has always believed. Naturally, the reputation of Charles II of England has profited. Half a dozen or more popular writers have proceeded to rehabilitate Charles completely. But so far no serious historian has accepted their view that the clever, selfish idler, determined to enjoy his throne, was really a formidable statesman. Commenting on the difficulties in the way of believing that, an able American historian wrote recently: "The biographer who would portray Charles as a great and good king must have consummate literary skill and a generous blindness to facts."

That sentence nominates Mr. Hilaire Belloc, whose ultra-Catholic ultra-royalism makes him Charles's natural champion anyway, and who has already written a whole string of popular biographies combining undeniable literary skill with the ability to deny the plainest historical facts. Since Charles has already been whitewashed, the only task worthy of Mr. Belloc's pen was to magnify Charles's virtues to dimensions which no future writer would ever dare to augment. In doing so, he does not waste time in apologies. Charles's laziness was "concealed energy," his promiscuity freed him from the domination of women, his egotism was devotion to the cause of Monarchy. And Monarchy—Mr. Belloc is quite certain of this—is the only force which can prevent the degradation of human equality and human dignity by the Money Power. When one learns that Charles devoted his life to such a struggle, and almost succeeded in spite of the odds against him, one is not surprised to hear that he was the founder of British sea power and of the British empire, and that he was—Louis XIV alone excepted (!)—the ablest diplomat of his day. One would give a great deal more than the price of this book to know what the cynical ghost of the Merry Monarch thinks of his modern biographers.

G. M.

Fiction

ONE FIGHT MORE. By Susan Ertz. Appleton-Century. 1939. 407 *pp.* $2.50.

The Darrell girls didn't marry very well, though several of their husbands were regarded as good buys. Lydia had lost and then beatified hers; Christine had divorced her first, and should have divorced her second, an excessively French vicomte. But Georgina's was the worst of all, though she thought herself the happiest of women; with an excessively English business man, she had built up one of those mutually devouring devotions; they were miserable unless they were together, in spite of the fact that whenever an issue arose, he demanded whether she was for him or against him. The whole tribe comes home to visit their elderly father, a sage and mellow self-made man. It astonishes them that he should encourage the love that Georgina's daughter Sola has for a boy of no prospects; but the reader cannot help feeling that Sola could hardly do worse than her relatives, whatever happened.

Miss Ertz writes clearly, pleasantly,

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carefully; she analyzes with especial interest the difference between the domestic attitudes of the English, the French, and the Americans. Unfortunately, she tends to insist that her characters strike these attitudes, and maintain them too consistently. Therefore, in spite of all the plot complications, and the author's smooth skill, the book is curiously wooden.

K. S.

WHITE SAILS CROWDING. By Edmund Gilligan. Scribners. 1939. 360 *pp.* $2.50.

Mr. Gilligan's extraordinary tale is something more than a mere sea story and, it must be said, something less. It is the tale of well-to-do Sebastian Bannon, of Piety Corner, God-fearing New Englander who, before settling down to the management of his affairs, signed on for a voyage on a fishing schooner out of Gloucester at some time roughly indicated as the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Sebastian's development as a man and as a sailor, his affection for his noble-hearted shipmates and his lovely dream of a vessel, are played against a diapason of water and light, wind and ice—the whole range of air and ocean—shot through with threatening motifs of fish-poaching, ship-confiscation, gun-running, storm, wreck, rescue, and harried love. Therein is Mr. Gilligan's book more than a simple sea story, one which approaches, although not very successfully, the symbolic mysticism of "Moby Dick," giving the halibut the rather ill-fitting role of the whale.

Wherein the author falls below the level of the sound sea story is in the purely figurative character of the personages of his drama. Not a soul in the book appears like a living man (there is only one important woman and she is a kind of cross between Artemis and Joan of Arc) but far more like those figures of Michelangelo's who seem splendid on a ceiling but would be a trifle repellent as shipmates and bedfellows. Perhaps this inflation of the human may be permitted Mr. Gilligan inasmuch as he has the creative impulse of a transcendental poet and uses it to good advantage in his descriptive passages.

Without suggesting that matters of detail can nullify the grandiloquent but impressive unreality of such a tale, this particular reader must admit that he was somewhat appalled by the presence of certain incongruous elements in the author's portrait of the North Atlantic in winter, and found particularly baffling the presence in a position, identified as approximately that of the engagement between the *Constitution* and the *Guerrière,* a gigantic iceberg miles long and six hundred feet high!

R. H.

ANSWERS TO QUIZ NO. 5

1. Andrew Jackson, in "The Celebrated Jumping Frog," by Mark Twain.
2. Buck, in "The Call of the Wild," by Jack London.
3. Jip, in "David Copperfield," by Charles Dickens.
4. Argus, in "The Odyssey," by Homer.
5. Rab, in "Rab and His Friends," by Dr. John Brown.
6. Oscar, in "Topper," by Thorne Smith.
7. Flopit, in "Seventeen," by Booth Tarkington.
8. Boccaccio, in "The Haunted Bookshop," by Christopher Morley.
9. Hamlet, in "Jeremy," by Hugh Walpole.
10. Niagara, in the Paul Bunyan legends, collected by James Stevens.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MR. CLUNK'S TEXT *H. C. Bailey* (Crime Club: $2.)	Three murders in English moorland village follow appeal of 2nd murderee to Josh Clunk, who later solves case.	Clunk—rather subdued—is good; his asst. Hopley is better; and policeman Bompas is fine. Solution not unexpected.	Top grade
THE MYSTERY BOOK *Several Hands* (Farrar and Rinehart: $2.50)	Anthony Abbot, Leslie Ford, David Frome, Mrs. Rinehart, and Rex Stout in quintet of baffling novelettes.	All good—especially the Frome and Ford *opera,* with passage in latter that is not advisable for claustrophobes.	Five Star Extra
DRAGON'S CAVE *Clyde B. Clason* (Crime Club: $2.)	Stern Chicago father slain with halberd. Prof. Westborough's encyclopedic knowledge leads to end of sticky trail.	Extra neat deducing and suspenseful build-up—but criminal is shadowy and motive arrives on scene very late.	Entertaining
RECKLESS ANGEL *Mrs. Belloc Lowndes* (Longmans: $2.)	Sardonic C. I. D. man and pair of obliging criminals save lovely British girl accused of murdering aging charmer.	Too much saccharine romance of servants-hall variety. Some good character bits and two ultra-disagreeable detectives.	Thistledown

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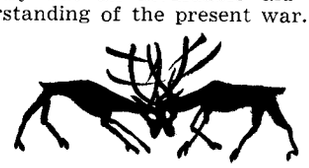

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Double-Crostics: No. 297

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

		1-K		2-X	3-K	4-M	5-Z		6-S	7-Y	8-H	9-T	10-Q	11-G	12-O	
13-E	14-M	15-D		16-X	17-I	18-Y	19-E	20-R	21-V	22-U	23-N	24-K	25-L		26-M	27-A
28-C		29-D		30-L	31-N	32-R	33-S	34-C	35-K	36-Q		37-Z	38-W		39-H	40-D
41-V	42-I	43-N	44-C	45-M	46-K	47-L		48-B	49-Q	50-W	51-Z		52-P	53-T	54-H	
55-G	56-V	57-L	58-N		59-P	60-B		61-G	62-F	63-K	64-W		65-X	66-L	67-O	68-Y
69-U	70-J	71-I	72-N		73-B	74-I	75-P		76-C	77-Y	78-A	79-S	80-H	81-W	82-F	83-G
84-D		85-M	86-O		87-U	88-R	89-J	90-F	91-E		92-L	93-G	94-H	95-A	96-Z	97-N
98-E	99-C	100-Y	101-M	102-O		103-S	104-P	105-A	106-P	107-T		108-P	109-W	110-B		111-V
112-Q	113-O	114-C	115-Y	116-R	117-K	118-U	119-T	120-G	121-E		122-Q	123-L	124-F	125-S	126-M	127-Z
	128-P	129-G	130-H		131-Q	132-F	133-R	134-D	135-U	136-Z	137-C	138-K	139-S	140-T	141-J	
142-A	143-M	144-S	145-W		146-B	147-D	148-I		149-G	150-R	151-X	152-F	153-U	154-I	155-D	
156-F	157-B	158-U		159-H	160-B	161-U		162-R	163-P	164-K	165-D	166-B		167-V	168-G	169-L
170-X	171-P	172-D	173-U	174-F		175-U	176-F	177-C		178-D	179-A	180-C	181-J			

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-six words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 41 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Void of interest.

B. Full bloom.

C. Incautious.

D. Boisterous.

E. Attenuates.

F. Equal chance (2 wds.)

G. State of U. S.

H. Deep wide-based cup or bowl (Gr.)

I. Paradisaic.

J. Cape in Alaska.

K. Italian composer (1659-1725).

L. Animates.

M. Inundation.

N. Tended.

O. Crazy (colloq.)

P. Sultan of Arabian Nights.

Q. Hebrew god.

R. Whims.

S. Inexpensive slender cigars.

T. Jester.

U. "Tenth Muse" (1612-1672; last name).

V. Genius of a language.

W. Low broad hill (U. S.)

X. Game resembling backgammon (obs.)

Y. Harmonizing in color.

Z. Blue-red color of low saturation.

WORDS

78 105 142 179 27 95

146 157 48 73 166 60 160 110

44 99 114 34 137 180 177 76 28

15 165 40 134 178 29 155 172 147 84

19 13 98 121 91

62 124 82 176 132 152 174 156 90

83 168 61 55 11 93 129 149 120

54 94 80 39 159 8 130

17 148 71 42 74 154

141 89 70 181

164 46 3 35 63 117 138 24 1

92 57 169 123 30 47 66 25

26 126 101 143 4 14 85 45

23 43 97 72 31 58

12 113 67 86 102

75 171 52 106 128 104 59 163 108

36 122 131 49 10 112

116 88 162 20 150 32 133

144 33 79 103 139 125 6

119 9 53 140 107

87 69 175 158 161 118 135 153 22 173

111 167 56 41 21

64 38 81 109 145 50

65 151 170 16 2

7 68 77 115 18 100

127 136 5 51 37 96

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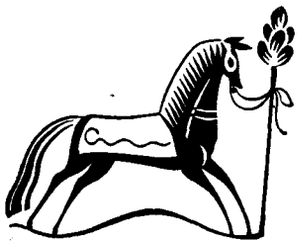

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sul-fa-nil-a-mide (sŭl"fă-nĭl'ă-mīd), *n.* [< *sulfanilic* acid (< *sulfur* + *aniline* + *amide* (< *ammonia* + *-ide*], a white crystalline substance with a bitter taste, a synthetic coal-tar product, used as a drug for certain streptococcic infections.

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Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE greatest democratic Christmas Card this year is the Lincoln Cathedral copy of Magna Carta, which the British Government on November 28 loaned to the Library of Congress for temporary safekeeping. This is the copy—said to be the finest of the four in existence—that was shown all summer at the N. Y. World's Fair. ☞Now, for Old Perishable, is the season to fulfil evaded procrastinations, to perform unreasonables and unexpecteds. ☞Among books we would probably have enjoyed but never saw were *Here Lies* (Dorothy Parker), and *The Literary Life and the Hell With It* (Whit Burnett), and *As For the Woman* (Francis Iles). ☞Off the beaten track presents would be: For a Poetry Lover: *Crags,* by Clifford J. Laube, which no bookseller will tell you about: it is printed and bound and sold by the author himself in the basement of his home at 107-06 103 Ave., Richmond Hill, L. I. ($2.50). The bright eye of discernment will find here some lovely things, a sure hand on the strange and sullen phrase. ☞For a Doubtful Drinker: *Liquor the Servant of Man,* by Smith & Helwig. ☞For Fugitives from Chain Gangs (of all sorts): *In Privateer's Bay,* by Robb White. ☞For Young Fresh Folks, He or She (as Chauncer said): that gaily gingham-dressed anthology *The Compleat Lover,* compiled by William Geoffrey. ☞For Students of the Arts and Ironies: *And He Sat Among the Ashes,* by William Shack—a biography of the eccentric and tragic painter Eilshemius, who used to call himself "Supreme Spirit of the Spheres" in his desperate attempts to attract attention before it was too late. ☞It pleases Old Q. that an absurdity of his own—a burlesque "Application for Author's License," written to amuse a booksellers' convention some years ago, is now reprinted in a dignified college textbook, *The College Book of Essays,* edited by John Abbot Clark of Michigan State College. ☞It was the same lively Professor Clark who suggested some while ago that Frank Moore Colby was "A Touchstone for Intellectuals." Colby's essays, he shrewdly remarks, are "out of print but will never be out of date." ☞It is pleasant to remember that the late Clarence Day, Jr., who is now so vividly in public gaze, strove eagerly to revive interest in Colby's writings.

☞We met a pleasant Irish friend named Kelley who didn't know that Trollope had written *The Kellys and the O'Kellys.* ☞We have promised him a copy for Xmas. ☞We were thinking when Captain David Bone was in port not long ago that an admirable and timely Xmas present would be his fine book *Merchantmen at Arms* (illustrated by Muirhead Bone) of which an uncostly reprint was issued a few years ago. If Dutton have any stock they might well let the trade know. ☞George Grasberger, 1523 Latimer Street, Philadelphia, offers in his new catalogue a copy of *Oppression, a Poem, by an American.* (London, 1765). This is thought to contain the earliest use in print of the term Yankee. ☞The most provocative prospectus of any poem that we have seen in a long time is Lawrence Clark Powell's announcement of subscription publication of Alfred Young Fisher's *The Ghost in the Underblows,* a "fragment" in ten parts. Mr. Powell says the poem, which he has sought for years to persuade Mr. Fisher to release, "is being published privately because there is no other way to make it available to those who need poetry for their nourishment." He gives in his pamphlet a delightful description of the writing of *The Ghost* in a café in Dijon in 1930-31. ☞300 copies will be printed (by Ward Ritchie) at an advance price of $3. Information from The Ghost Publishing Co., Box 4103, Village Station, West Los Angeles, Calif. ☞We look forward to hearing from *Books Abroad* (Norman, Okla.) what nominations they received in answer to their inquiry last summer. They asked "Which is the most distinguished book or group of books from one writer that has appeared anywhere in the world since November, 1918?"

☞A must for the Maritime Shelf is Alfred Loomis's *Ranging the Maine Coast,* with illustrations by Edward A. Wilson. ☞What sounds like an oddity is *One Pair of Hands* by Monica Dickens, in which—according to Harpers'—"Charles Dickens' great granddaughter, a London glamour girl, recounts her adventures as a cook." ☞We have been told that America's nearest approach to Pitcairn Island, in the sense of a community isolated by its own choice, is—or was, until recent years—Tangier Island in Chesapeake Bay. We note with interest that the University of Pennsylvania Press is publishing a social study of this unique community, *Tangier Island* by S. Warren Hall, III. ☞We were startled the other day when a dentist asked us, with the air of one darkly puzzled, "What are the rules for using a semi-colon?" When we strove to explain that there are no rigid rules in such matters, he was horrified. ☞We notice on Macmillan's list *Mind the Stop:* a guide to punctuation, by G. V. Carey. He says with good sense, "The best punctuation is that of which the reader is least conscious." ☞We see with some apprehension that the National Council of Teachers of English hold their annual meeting in New York this month; we have resolved to be less sloven in our lingo.

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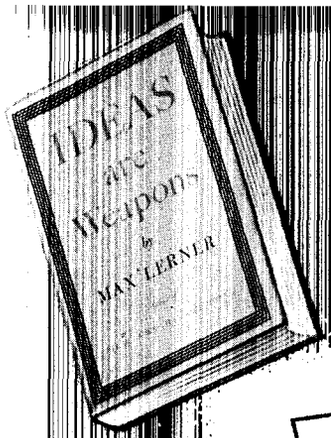

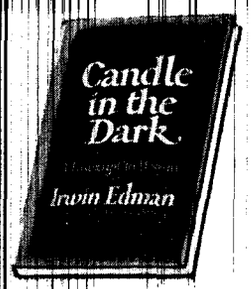

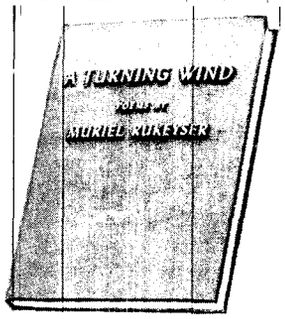

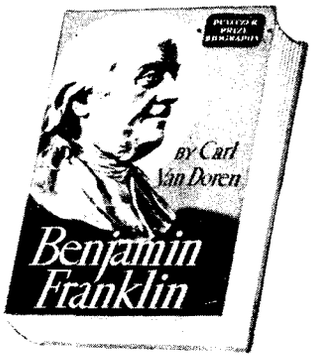

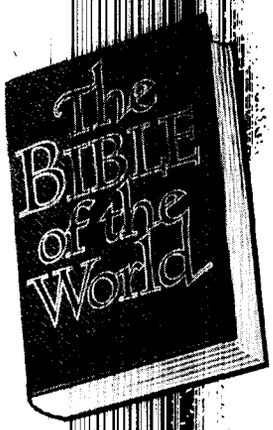

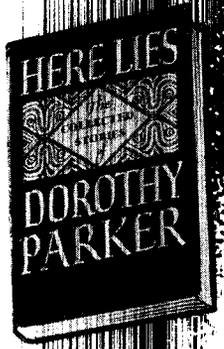

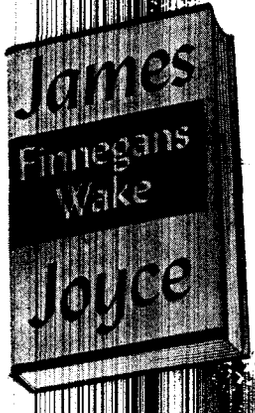

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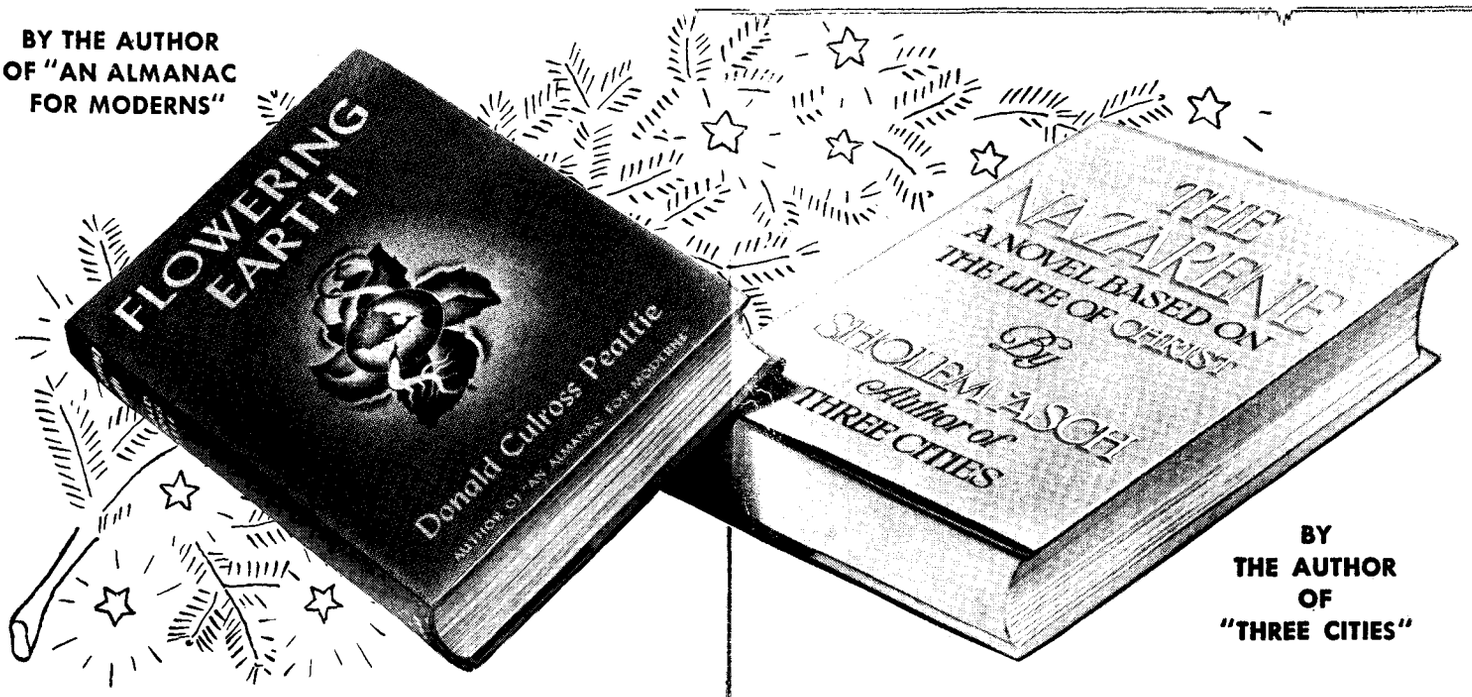

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